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Art. I. *Journal of a Visit to some Parts of Ethiopia.* By George Waddington, Esq. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Rev. Barnard Hanbury, of Jesus College, A.M. F.A.S. With Maps and Engravings. 4to. Price 2l. London. 1822.

THE progress of foreign discovery, and the ardour of scientific travelling, are honourable distinctions of the age in which we live.

‘Necquicquam Deus abscondit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras.’

In the days of Norden and Pococke, a journey up the Nile was esteemed a perilous undertaking. Now, it seems to be considered as an agreeable recreation, rather than a toilsome pilgrimage, to take a trip to the furthest confines of Nubia, and to pass the northern frontiers of Ethiopia.

Our Author, on arriving at Venice in 1820, found his friend Mr. Hanbury preparing for an antiquarian visit to Egypt and Nubia, with the hope of penetrating as far as Dongola. Having passed the spring and part of the summer in Greece, they arrived at Alexandria in the month of August. There they heard that an expedition to reduce the countries above the second Cataract, had already left Cairo. The circumstances seemed auspicious to their project, and they determined to follow the army. They proceeded without delay to the second Cataract, and reached the army in due time. At Wady Halfa commenced and terminated the journey which is the substance of the volume before us. Their previous and subsequent travels were in countries already well described; but, as Burckhardt is the first traveller who succeeded in following the Nile as far as Tinareh, we may venture to pronounce Mr. Waddington's work a valuable accession to the information of which we were already in possession concerning Egypt and Nubia.

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Norden has given a general description of Nubia as high as Derr, and Legh a detailed one as far as Ibrim, while the journals of Burckhardt have made us familiar with that immense valley of the Nile;* but little was known of the countries beyond the point reached by that indefatigable and intelligent Traveller, except through the vague and indefinite relations of the native merchants and soldiers. These countries, it was the good fortune of Messrs. Waddington and Hanbury to visit; and this journal is the result of their joint observations and discoveries.

They arrived in November, 1820, at the shoonah or Turkish magazine of Wady Halfa, with the necessary firmauns and letters for Abdin Casheff, Governor of Dóngola. Their party, besides themselves, consisted of a Dragoman, a young Irishman who had travelled with Belzoni, a Maltese cook, and his cousin Giuseppe, who served as a kind of volunteer. They seem to have pursued the track of Burckhardt in the South and South-Eastern direction of the Nile. On the 15th of November, they passed the five barrows, noticed by that Traveller, and dismounted at the Sheik's house in Ferket. They appear to have come to the determination of taking their expedition 'for better for worse,' and of bearing its incommunities and privations with good humour and cheerfulness; but we confess that our casuistry is not sufficiently indulgent to excuse some of the means to which they deemed it necessary to resort in order to facilitate their progress.

'At this place,' says Mr. Waddington, 'our engagement with our camel-drivers expired: and, according to the Aga's promises, we were to find others readily. The sheik of this village had, on our arrival last night, certainly given us no such hopes. We were awaked this morning with the unwelcome assurance that there was not a single camel to be procured by any means in the town or neighbourhood. We began to consider how far we should be justified in taking forward two of the animals that had conveyed us so well hither, though they were the Pasha's, and always employed in his service; and while we were gravely engaged in deliberating on this very important point, we were informed that our honest guides, perhaps anticipating such a measure on our part, had taken advantage of the fair moon-light, to decamp with their sacred charge. After laughing as well as we could at this first disappointment, we proceeded to attach our luggage to the backs of a number of asses, who were successively brought up for that purpose. The breed here is remarkably bad; and as some began by falling perpendicularly under the weights imposed upon them, and others staggered home to their stalls with what they could carry, it was long before the whole cavalcade could be collected and put in motion: they then, above a dozen

* "Travels in Nubia."

in number, quietly dispersed themselves about the country in search of food, and it was with some difficulty that they were at last driven into the kind of road we were fated to follow; we then commenced a kind of straggling march, and very soon had recourse to our feet, as a much easier method of travelling. In an hour and a half, direction South, we got to the large island Ferket; and in half an hour more (S. by W.) to Mográt.

‘Here our prospects brighten a little: a camel is discovered among the palms, and soon afterwards another, and a man with a woman and child near it; he proves to be an Ababde Arab, named Achmet, going down, with his wife and child, to buy dates; we of course invite him very warmly to enter into our service, to which he as strongly objects; and on being more urgently pressed, he asks with great feeling, “And will you oblige me to leave my wife and child in the hands of strangers?” Now his wife was a very pretty woman, and was watching this scene with great interest, though in silence. The case was certainly a hard one, and perhaps we were decided by the sight of one of our asses, at that moment down on the ground, struggling with his burthen: however, we were decided; we justified ourselves by the tyrant’s plea, and immediately proceeded to transfer part of our property to the more dignified situation it was once more destined to occupy. The man entrusted his family to a fellow-countryman, an inhabitant of the village, and proceeded reluctantly with us.’

pp. 14—16.

We pass over Mr. Waddington’s description of the ruins of Aamára, so accurately given by Burckhardt. We cordially concur in the just tribute of gratitude and veneration which our Author suspends his narrative to pay that lamented Traveller.

‘Thus far we followed the steps of Burckhardt, with his book in our hands; and it is impossible to take leave of him without expressing our admiration for his character, and our gratitude for the instruction he has afforded us. His acquired qualifications were never equalled by those of any other traveller; his natural ones appear even more extraordinary. Courage to seek danger, and calmness to confront it, are not uncommon qualities; but it is difficult to court poverty and to endure insult. Hardships, exertions, and privations are easy to a man in health and vigour; but during the attacks of a dangerous disease, that he should never have permitted his thoughts to wander homewards—that sickening among the winds and sands of the desert, he should never have sighed for the freshness of his native mountains,—this does, indeed, prove an ardour in the cause in which he was engaged, and a resolution, if necessary, to perish in it, that make his character as extraordinary as his fate was lamentable; and none are so capable of estimating his value, as those who can bear testimony to the truth of his information,—who have trod the country that he has so well described, and gleaned the fields where he has reaped so ample a harvest.’ pp. 24, 5.

Our Travellers did not visit the pillars of Soleb. Their anxiety to cross the river was unavailing: there was no ferry, and their

attempts to prevail upon the Reiss of some provision-boat, to carry them over, were equally ineffectual. That magnificent ruin stood so near them, that the disappointment must have been acutely felt by young antiquaries inflamed with the ardour of pursuit, and impatient to add to their stock of liberal information. 'It was painful,' says Mr. Waddington, 'to be forbidden to raise the veil, when the hand was touching it.' Nothing, therefore, worthy of notice seems to occur in their journal till they reached the interesting antiquities of the island of Argo.

In about half an hour, due S. from the village, we came to the antiquities, and approached them, not without great fears of disappointment. These were soon dispelled by the first object that appeared before us; it was a colossal statue of grey granite, representing a young man with the thin beard and corn-measure bonnet; the left leg is advanced; before the right, cut in the same stone, and standing on the foot, is a small statue, five feet high, bearded, and with the right hand on the breast, while the left hangs straight down; the hair is turned on the right side, in such a manner as to appear an ornament on that part of the head; and the face is much disfigured. The statue itself is broken in the middle, and the monstrous fragments lie about four feet apart, but nothing is lost; the face is entire, but flat and broad. The statue lies on its back, and is twenty-two feet six inches long, and five feet five inches across the shoulders. There is a small hole in the front of the bonnet, probably intended for the reception of the ornament or sistrum. It lies S.S.E. and N.N.W.

There is a second statue like the first, except that it is not broken in the middle, that the face is in a better style, that the beard is twisted, an ornament of leaves goes round the edge of the bonnet, the dress is more highly finished and decorated, and there is no figure on the foot; the arms and beard have been intentionally broken. It is twenty-three feet five inches long, and measures seven feet four inches from the end of the bonnet to the end of the beard. The hands, which have suffered much injury, are open; those of the other are shut, with a short staff in them. It lies S. E. and N. W. nearly; the feet of the two statues are towards each other, and about thirty-five yards apart. They are both very well executed, and are inferior, if their perfection be considered, to no granite colossus existing; though the faces are not so fine as the Memnon, and, of course, not at all comparable in expression to those at Ebsámbal, as is natural, from the superior difficulty of working the material. A little to the West is a headless female statue, covered by earth up to the knees; and still further on is a fine block of grey granite, cut into four hippopotami, standing up side by side. The small statue only is of black granite, the others really look as white and clear, and as free from the injuries of time, as if they were now fresh from the hand of the sculptor. The place is called by the natives Sanna Behât, or the White Art, as interpreted to us; a name inconsistent with the opinions formerly promulgated to us by our honest Ababde, but not so (as will afterwards appear) with those of the Nouba residents. There is

much pottery and broken sandstone lying about, but no visible remains of any building whatever. Never was there so inviting a place for an excavator; the soil is soft, and as the ground is but little elevated, the labour would be small, and the rewards easily obtained and highly valuable. We retired reluctantly, with the determination of demanding Abdin Casheff's permission to return hither, and pass some time on the spot.' p. 48—50.

The following extract will serve as a specimen of the Author's power of description and vivacity of expression.

'In one hour we came to a large cultivated plain, and in one and a quarter, to the Nile, flowing N.N.W., with a very broad stream. Our direction had been latterly about S.S.W. The scenery of this beautiful island consists in a number of small open plains, some of grass, with cows and goats feeding without any keeper, and others cultivated, all shut in by sycamore and aromatic groves, which constantly open into new plains as rich, or as capable of being made so, as the former. The two last nights were much colder, which did not prevent the musquitos from being remarkably active about us. There is a breed peculiar to this country, which is much smaller, and less sonorous, than those whose attentions we had been in the habit of receiving. We had, of late, frequently observed a beautiful little green bird; another with the neck, breast, and tail of the deepest red; and a black bird, with the tip of his tail white.

'We sat by the water-side, waiting for the boat which was to take us across to the western bank, and congratulated each other on the conclusion of our labours. We were now, according to all our information, but a few hours from New Dóngola, where we should find Abdin Casheff resident as governor, who would, no doubt, receive us with that splendid hospitality for which he had always been remarkable. We dismissed, in consequence, at their own request, all our camel-drivers, except one, and presently the boat arrived. The ferryman brings us later and very different intelligence; Abdin Casheff has advanced with Ismael Pasha; the whole army is collected, and engaged in daily skirmishes with the Sheygá and Abyssinians; we are still four days from Old Dóngola, and the troops are five days beyond it. This account induced us to examine, what we had not before much thought of, our money-bag, which was found to contain two hundred and twenty piastres, (somewhat less than five pounds,) and three Venetian sequins. With these reports and this certainty, we enter the boat, and seat ourselves astern on the luggage, alternately looking very grave, and laughing loud. The ferryman, a black malicious looking man, with much magic in his eye, is behind us, on the projecting plank, steering with a paddle. In the middle lies a large old camel on its knees, perfectly quiet; and by its side stand James and Giovanni, pulling a rope, attached to another paddle, which serves for an oar, and which a sailor is also pulling with his hands. The dog, Anubis, is asleep beyond the camel; then comes Giuseppe, evidently philosophizing in silence on the mutability of human affairs, and regretting the pleasures and security of Cairo and of Malta; and at the prow is the camel-driver, standing on the bottom

of a long shawl, and stretching out the upper part with his hands, to make a sail; thus do we cross over, and find the reports confirmed.

"Praised be God," exclaimed an old Nubian, who observed me writing with a pencil, "praised be God, the Creator of the world, who has taught man to enclose ink in the centre of a piece of wood."

pp. 51—3.

Maragga is also called New Dóngola. But, as the Nile flows through it from East to West, and as the similitude of sounds (Mokra) is obvious, it is in all probability the name of the country described to Burckhardt* by Selim el Assouany, as lying next to the North of the district of Bakou. Here they obtained a passage, though with much difficulty, on board one of the boats employed in conveying provisions to the army. The direction of their navigation is not specified with sufficient clearness in the Journal, but seems, for several days, to have been East or South-East. The fertile ground appeared to extend about half a mile from the Nile, and to be separated occasionally from the desert by acacia groves. The rocks here are sandstone. They passed several tombs, the depositories of the relics of saints. On the 27th of November, they passed a ruined town, named Handech, several islands, and tombs, proceeding in a S. S. E. direction, and the next day arrived opposite to Old Dóngola. This capital of a once powerful and Christian kingdom, and of which they had been taught at Cairo to form the most extravagant expectations, is now a miserable ruin, situated on a rock, sloping down to the water's edge, and almost buried in sand: it is surrounded on three sides by the desert. They were not allowed to stop there. It has been remarked, that in Nubia, the country between the cataracts, the course of the Nile being generally from the westward of South, the eastern bank is the richest in respect of scenery. But in Dóngola, the converse of this is true, owing partly to the lower ground being more easily irrigated, partly to another circumstance. The desert on the right bank is generally a deep sand, while that on the left has a hard stony surface: in the former case, the alluvial soil has been covered with sand, carried thither by the violent tropical winds, whereas in the latter, no such accumulation could have taken place. Their course was now E. S. E. Nine hours and ten minutes, at the rate of two miles and an half an hour, brought them to Wady Jebriah. Mr. Waddington's descriptive talents are by no means of an ordinary kind, and we were much amused by some of the adventures that enlivened their toilsome expedition. We select the following sketches.

* Travels in Nubia, p. 495.

‘ The soldiers every evening broke down the trees, which were dry and abundant, and lighted their large watch-fires along the bank, which extending, with intervals, for nearly half a mile, threw a red and warlike glare on the river and the opposite shore ; and their own appearance, as they stood feeding the blaze, or conversing with much gesture by the side of it, possessed peculiar barbarity and wildness. The light shone on the handles of their pistols and the hilts of their sabres, and the various and strongly contrasted colours of their dresses, appeared more confused and more brilliant ; their faces, already shaded by beard and mustachios, assumed a darker and sallow hue, and the expression of their black rolling eyes, which by daylight would have been only animation, became heightened into anger and ferocity.

‘ My man, Giovanni, who is by profession a tailor, and whose unadventurous spirit has already been mentioned, foreseeing nothing in this ill-starred expedition, but privations and dangers, exclaimed, this evening, smiling at the same time most wofully—“ *Quel chi è morto là basso ha fatto molto bene :*” and proceeded to lament the continuance of his own existence. James was much better employed in examining the contents of a Nubian cottage, which produced us a fine fowl, seized, of course, by violence, and then paid for. This was a bad example to the soldiers, who, extraordinary as it may appear, observed the strictest discipline, and in their transactions with the natives, allowed themselves to be imposed upon with extreme facility, and confessed, that in small parties they dared not have taken the strong measures to which, in the beginning of our journey, we had been unfortunately obliged to have recourse.

‘ November 29.—The first scene this morning was sufficiently amusing. Our Commadore, an elderly man, with a white beard, and who always consulted his dignity by wearing a long orange-coloured vest, appeared early on the bank with a long stick in his hand, declaiming violently ; he warms as he goes on, and shortly proceeds to apply his nabboot to all within his reach, till he has cleared the coast ; he then finished his harangue, and returned to his boat. The cause of all this confusion was a complaint of the natives, that the soldiers in the night had plucked the ears of their dhourra, of which offence, this discipline thus inflicted was to prevent the repetition. Our case of the fowl also came under his cognizance ; but as a previous refusal to sell, and subsequent payment, were proved on our part, he gave his approbation to such a modification of robbery, saying at the same time, with great justice and a good deal of pride, that a French or Russian army, in a march through a conquered country, would not be troubled with so many scruples. He is evidently a very good sort of man, and for a Turk, probably well informed. At the time when Mahomed Ali wished to open a trade with the East Indies by the Red Sea, he went thither, with Mr. Briggs in an official capacity ; and returned, though unsuccessful, yet with the highest possible respect for the English name. He gave us daily, and, as far as he could, substantial proofs of this, by supplying us with rice and flour, the only provisions on board the fleet.

* Owing to the change in the course of the stream, those of the soldiers who prayed, were generally unfortunate in their guesses at the direction of the Holy City, and their prayers, in consequence, lost their efficacy. This exposed them to the ridicule of the sailors, who were in this instance better geographers. There were some artillery officers on board the fleet, sent, it was said, from Constantinople, and they were the only men who preserved the slightest appearance of uniform. They wear blue trowsers, a red jacket, and a striped black and white silk turban. The rest were such a motley set of ragamuffins as I never beheld; they were dressed in green, blue, scarlet, brown, or white, each man according to his own fancy, agreeing only in their general raggedness. Their offensive arms are a long gun, a brace of very long and often very bad pistols, and a sword, or *attaghan*, or knife; they are defended, rather than clothed, by a large turban round the head, and three or four long shawls, of which the inner ones are very coarse, and even the exterior seldom tolerably fine, bound very tight round the body, and capable of stopping a pistol-ball at fifteen or twenty yards. The Albanians are distinguished by wearing no turban, the only covering of their head being a large red cap, coming over the ears and forehead.' pp. 67—70.

We have no inclination to follow our Travellers from place to place during their long and tedious navigation. Owing to the tortuosities of this wonderful river, they were perpetually changing their direction. Sometimes it was found to flow to the northward of East, then its course became E. N. E. and in an hour or two, ran due South back to its source. The accommodations and luxuries of their journey, seem to have been more than ordinarily scanty; and we suspect that the college friends of Mr. Waddington, will not be much enamoured of his fare. It most assuredly was not sumptuous. A flat cake or two of half-baked dough, tea without sugar or milk, a little rice, and abundance of water, constituted nearly the whole of it. But the only real evil was, that they had no active employment.

* 'We were under orders to be always ready to move,' says Mr. Waddington, 'and were hardly ever moving; we had no comfort on board, and there was little to interest on shore; we passed a good deal of time in transcribing our journals, and consoled the day with the hope that the morrow might produce events more lively and animating.'

On the 5th December, the fine black mountains on the frontiers of Dar Sheygyá, where the army was, appeared about ten or twelve miles N. N. E. The object of Mahommed Ali's ambition is, to possess all the banks and islands of the Nile, and to be master of all who drink its waters, from Abyssinia to the Mediterranean; an ambition proceeding from no intrinsic passion for greatness, but from his unbounded avarice. Fearful of

giving offence to the English government, he had relinquished his designs on Abyssinia, and they were now limited to obtaining the mastery of the kingdoms of Dóngola, Dar Sheygyá, Berber, Shendy, and Sennaar, and the extirpation of the Mamelouks who were in possession of Dóngola. Although the whole force employed in the expedition did not exceed 10,000 men, of whom not above 4000 were fighting men, twelve pieces of cannon made it irresistible. The best soldiers were about fifteen hundred Bedouins, armed each with two brace of pistols, besides his sword and gun; they are skilful also in the use of the lance. It is not surprising, that these should be the bravest people, for they are naturally the most free. 'A mere gallop across the desert,' Mr. Waddington remarks, 'produces a certain excitation and levity of spirits, a gay and rapturous feeling of liberty, that cannot be experienced elsewhere.'

'The naked inhabitant of the Desert is subject to no master, and acknowledges no superior; his very view is unbounded, and all that he views is his own. He can direct his steps whither he wills, and trace his path where no man has trodden before him. The shrubs on which he feeds his horse, and the spring of which he drinks, like the stars that light and guide him, are common to himself with the whole world: he can change them when he chooses, and again travel the waste which he fancies to be infinite.'

At the head of this motley army, was Ismael Pasha, Mahommed Ali's younger son; as self-willed and obstinate as a young Prince might well be, with talents sufficient to make him one day a great Turk, not devoid of courage, and capable of generosity, when consistent with policy. Of the Sheygyá, the reduction of whom was one of the objects of this expedition, Burckhardt has already given the character, derived, it is true, from hearsay, but so faithfully drawn, that little remains to be said concerning them. On his arrival at Dóngola, the Pasha sent them orders to submit to Mahommed Ali. They expressed themselves willing to till their ground and to pay tribute. The Pasha demanded their arms and their horses. Their defiance was not unlike the answer of the Lacedæmonians: 'Come and take them.' The Pasha moved his troops to their frontiers. The first skirmish was inauspicious to the Sheygyá; and in one that succeeded, they left 600 men on the field. The dying expression which remained on their faces, was that of anger, not of terror. The Pasha pursued them to their castles, where these black horsemen of the desert, to use our Author's almost poetic phraseology, were drawn up ready to receive him, darkening the side of the mountain. A heavy fire of shot and shells, which they could neither avoid nor avenge, soon dissi-

pated the ardour of these unhappy men, and they fled, pursued by the cavalry and artillery the whole night.

The depopulation of huts and cottages that marks the desolating warfare in this wretched country, is feelingly sketched by our Author, who exhibits occasionally considerable powers of composition. It is more deeply afflicting, he remarks, than the destruction of cities or of palaces, 'Simplicity of houses and building is connected in our ideas with simplicity of manners and with innocence. The thirst of plunder becomes almost an excuse for hostile depredation, when compared with the fury of that invader against whom poverty is no protection.' Two American renegades, whom our Travellers met with, furnish Mr. Waddington with some agreeable materials to exercise his talent for vivacity of remark and of diction.

'The more consequential of the two is Mahomed Effendi.—It is said, that after deliberately weighing, with all the advantages of education, the merits of the two religions, he declared in favour of the Mahomedan. He then wrote a book to prove, to all the Christian world, how well he had decided. He was now an officer of artillery in the Pasha's service. He is a pale, delicate looking man, about thirty, and he has acquired the grave and calm look of the Turks, and the slow motion of the head, and roll of the eyes'.....

'We heard afterwards that Mahomed Effendi had complained severely of our reception of him. Now it is difficult to say what reception a renegade has a right to expect from those whose religion he has deserted. Did he expect cordiality and friendship? Or was it in the presence of the corpses left to rot by those whose faith he had embraced, that he thought us likely to respect him? We were, it is true, alike natives of a distant land; we spoke the same language, and were in the country of a common enemy; but the nature of crimes is not changed by the sun that burns, or the deserts that surround you. No circumstances can alter the feeling with which you approach an apostate. And yet, it must be confessed, that, to the disgrace of the Christians in the East, renegades are in general much less despised by them, than by the 'Turks themselves.' pp. 114—119.

Our Author's picture of the carnage and mutilations which form part of the abominable system of warfare adopted by the Pasha, is painted to the life. We enter fully into the feeling expressed in the following passage.

'I never saw the Nile so smooth and so beautiful as in this country. It is adorned with green islands, and surrounded by verdure. This may be fancy—and that the mind, disgusted by the fury of man, takes refuge in the tranquillity of nature, and is more disposed to the admiration of inanimate things, as it is shocked by the crimes and miseries of the things that live.'

On the 13th of December, they arrived at the camp. Having

delivered their letters, &c. to Abdin Casheff, our Travellers visited the antiquities of Djebel el Berkel, and devoted a day to the examination of them. A variety of intrigues occurred, not uncommon in a Turkish camp, which present a series of uninteresting details. They terminated in our Travellers receiving an order of dismissal, disguised under a thin veil of dissimulation, and accompanied with many hypocritical apologies. They had time, however, to make minute observations in their visits to the ruins found in the vicinity of the camp.

These remains are of two kinds,—temples or other public buildings, and pyramids. We must refer those readers who wish to form a more definite idea of the temples of Djebel el Berkel, to the engraved plan which Mr. Waddington has annexed to his description, and without a reference to which, it would be utterly unintelligible. But the ruins of most of them are too inconsiderable to suggest even a plausible speculation upon their probable construction or extent. One of them seems to have been about 450 feet long, including the walls, and 159 feet wide; but it is unfortunately so much ruined, as to retain nothing of its ancient grandeur and beauty. Its present remains, Mr. Waddington conceives to have been the work of very different and probably distant periods, and that even in the composition of those parts, (such as the propylon and the exterior wall,) many stones were employed, which had been taken from some more ancient edifice. The granite pedestals were well sculptured, and there were some exquisite sphinxes lying in different parts of the ruins. The statues which once adorned this noble building, may still be buried under the ruins; but they saw nothing whence they could decide to what divinity the temple was dedicated. Of another temple, though the inner chambers have been crushed by the fall of part of the mountain, the portail is in good preservation. It had been dedicated to Jupiter Ammon. Our Travellers distinguished the ram and a thirteen-headed Briareus under the hand of the victor. They are in the presence of a young divinity* with a thin beard, and not of the hawk-headed Osiris, as is usual in Egypt. His weapon is like that which he holds in Egyptian and Nubian sculptures, with this difference, that it has the ram's head with the ball on it, at the end. They observed no where any sculptures that had been intentionally erased or disfigured; proving, Mr. Waddington thinks, that the ruins were in their present state when Christianity was introduced into the country.

The pyramids of Djebel el Berkel, stand on the W. and N. W. side of the mountain, at some distance from the Nile, and are

* Horus.

seventeen in number. They are much inferior in size to those of Egypt, the base of the largest being only 81 feet square; it was too imperfect to enable them to ascertain its height. One of them is still tolerably perfect and highly interesting. Its portico has a flat roof, and it is about 33 feet in base, and 48 feet in height. They are not sculptured, but, on the extremity of one side, is a divinity seated on a stool, which is supported by a lion. In his right hand is a bow; in his left, a branch resembling a palm. A small figure is presenting him with an offering, and other figures are arranged behind it. The whole has been painted. This portico reminded our Travellers of the chief tomb at Eilythyia in Upper Egypt.

The pyramids of El Bellál, which are well illustrated by two lithographical engravings, are about forty, of which eleven are larger than those of Djebel el Berkel. The largest is 152 feet square, and 103 feet high. Its principal singularity is, that it contains within itself another pyramid of a different age, stone, and architecture. They are obviously of a higher antiquity than those of Djebel el Berkel.

‘They are situated on a rocky place surrounded by sand, and on the edge of the Desert; a spot selected for the dead by the veneration of their survivors, that they might dwell apart in sanctity and in solitude. This is only one out of many instances of coincidence in customs, genius, and religion, between the ancient Ethiopians and Egyptians. The government of Meroe was a more complete and a more durable hierarchy, than that of Memphis: a college of priests elected their sovereign, and, when they thought that he had reigned long enough, sent a messenger to command him to die; and it was not till the age of the second Ptolemy, that a king named Ergamenes, who had studied philosophy in Greece, had the courage to simplify the government by a massacre of the priests. Hieroglyphical symbols were common to both nations; the nature of their worship was the same, and the same the divinities to whom it was directed, the principal difference being this—that while Osiris held the highest rank among the gods of Egypt, the vows of the devout Ethiopians were addressed to Jupiter Ammon.’ pp. 178, 9.

Mr. Waddington enters into a learned discussion of the obscure question, in which of the two countries the common worship of each originated. He infers from the authority of classical authors, that it migrated from Ethiopia into Egypt. His hypothesis, which is also Bryant's, receives some confirmation from the relative appearance of the antiquities of the two countries. He thinks it indisputable, that the sculptured caverns of Gyrshe, of Derr, and of Ebsàmbal, are more ancient than the columns of Thebes; that they received the gods of Ethiopia in their progress towards the North; and that the excavated temples at Djebel el Berkel are older by centuries

than those of Nubia. He supposes also, that the pyramid had its origin as a sepulchral building also in Ethiopia. The question will probably remain unsolved till the knowledge of hieroglyphics is obtained; but we are strongly inclined to concur with Mr. Waddington. The utter destruction of the pyramids of El Berkel and El Bellál seems to prove a higher antiquity.

Our Author's inferences are more satisfactory as to the probable name of the ancient city whose ruins he has been describing. He does no more than justice to Bruce, whose veracity, and sound, discriminating judgement are almost every day receiving new attestations from successive travellers. There can hardly be a doubt that* he was the discoverer of the ancient city of Meroë, which our Travellers at first imagined that they had discovered amid the ruins of Djebel el Berkel. Our Author thus endeavours to determine what they probably are.

'Napáta was the second city of Ethiopia. In the time of Augustus, it was the capital, and as such was besieged and destroyed by Petronius. It was situated, according to Pliny, five hundred and eleven miles above Syene, and according to Ptolemy, in latitude $20^{\circ} 15'$, on the right bank, and near the angle made by the bend of the Nile;† the former thus places it rather lower down the river, and the latter higher up than the ruins of El Berkel.

'It is evident that this city has been less known to ancient authors than, by the magnificence of its remains, it seems to have deserved: and I attribute this to its angular situation, and to the Cataracts, which render the Nile above it difficult of navigation. Travellers, merchants, and armies, have probably left the Nile at Korti, and crossed the Desert direct to Meroë, as they now‡ do to Shendi. The sculptured grottoes existing towards the eastern end of this pass confirm that supposition.

'The ruins of El Berkel bear marks of every age of sculpture, from the outlines of the rudest figures to the arched vaults of the pyramids, proving the great antiquity and long duration of the former city: the same causes that prevented its notoriety, may have contributed to divert

* See Bruce's Travels, vol. iv. p. 538.

† Pliny in another place makes it three days' journey from the Red Sea, and adds, that rain-water was preserved in many places along the road, and the country intervening was very productive of gold; while Strabo, who is a much better authority, states Meroë to be fifteen days from the sea, whereas there is but $1^{\circ} 30'$ difference in longitude between the two places. The story of the rain-water is equally incredible to those who know how rarely a shower falls in this country between 18° and 30° of latitude.

‡ Poncet travelled this road; it is frequented by traders, and was followed by his Mamelouks, after their evacuation of Dóngola.

from it the course of the enemies of Ethiopia. It was fated to be at last overthrown by a Roman; and he accomplished its destiny so effectually, that the *exploratores* of Nero, in their enumeration of the cities afterwards found by them in that country, remark upon Nápata, "*Oppidum id parvum inter prædicta solum.*" pp. 185—7.

On the 24th of December, the party took leave of the camp and its rabble, on their return to Wady Halfa. At the ruined town of Dabdi, there are several tombs. In the largest of these were five bodies, lying side by side, marked by stones at the head and feet; and to a thin rope from wall to wall, were attached numerous scraps of linen, as humble offerings made to the virtues of the dead. On landing at Dóngola, which numerous tombs, houses, and castles, prove to have been once a place of importance, they were received by the king. Their first visit was to the 'Church of Yesous,' once a monastery, but now a mosque. There are other Christian remains equally uninteresting, probably of the age of Justinian. With the opulence of the capital had perished the hospitality of the monarch; a few rat-eaten dates, and a calabash of water being the only refreshments he could offer. Maragga, or New Dóngola was lately the capital of the Mamelouks. To the particulars furnished by Burckhardt concerning the establishment of these brave savages in that country, Mr. Waddington has added some interesting notices. The history of this singular tribe, is rendered interesting by their misfortunes. Immediately after their invasion, they selected Maragga for their capital, which in a short time became the centre of commerce, and assumed, from its rising importance, the name of New Dóngola.

'About twenty months after their establishment, they made an expedition against Malek Chowes, on the invitation of Malek Zobeyr, who was then at war with the king of Merawe. They are said to have beaten the Sheygya at Koraigh, killing one hundred and fifty of them, and to have sent back a triumphant message to their wives, who were not (as Burckhardt was informed) molested by the enemy during the absence of their husbands. Malek Tombol served himself in this campaign, and was present at the action, and assured us, that the victory was extremely glorious. Against the weight of his royal testimony it can hardly be urged, that the next battle was fought at Hettán, so that the conquerors must have retreated about fifty miles after their success. This second battle they certainly did gain; but owing to some difference between the chiefs, Ibrahim Bey returned with part of the army to Maragga, and Abdah Rochman followed up the Sheygya with the rest, though it would seem with no permanent effect. However, the various events of these wars did not at all shake the security of their establishment in Dóngola, where, but for the persevering hatred of Mahommed

Ali, they would have continued to rule and improve the kingdom they had founded.....

After being established for some months in Dóngola, they sent back most of their Cairine wives, and married the daughters of the native Nubians, who preserved to them, even in their latest misfortunes, the most sincere attachment; many left their country, and fled with them; and those who remained behind continued faithful to their wandering husbands, and used to declare they would rather die than injure them. They say, that it is not the Pasha, but God, who has driven them away; thus exerting their predestinarian principles to console their own misfortunes, and to vindicate the honour of their husbands.

When Ibrahim Bey died, Abdah Rochman Bey was left at the head of the remaining warriors. He is said to be of a noble person and undaunted mind; horses stand trembling at his voice, and he has dromedaries that obey no call but his. When the Pasha, just before his last expedition, sent a message to the Mamelouks, full of flattering promises in case of their submission, it was he who returned the haughty answer, "Tell Mahommed Ali that we will be on no terms with our servant." And accordingly, as the Turkish troops continued to advance in the month of June, after an unusually grand celebration of the Ramadan, the brave exiles took their departure for Shendy. They were themselves three hundred, with double that number of women and slaves; they had lost about one hundred during their residence at Dóngola. The Sheygys had heard of their intended departure, and, while lying in ambush to surprise them, were themselves surprised. The Mamelouks took several prisoners, whom they immediately beheaded; and thus the last act of intercourse between these warlike neighbours was marked by the same spirit of implacable hostility that distinguished all the preceding ones. This parting blow of the Mamelouks was amply revenged on their late subjects by an irruption of the Arabs, who seized the flocks and violated the women, and carried some of the inhabitants away into their own country.

In the mean time, the Mamelouks had crossed the Desert from Korti to Shendy, where they were not received within the walls, but allowed to encamp without. They remained there till the successes of the Pasha over the Sheygys, terrified the Mek of Shendy into a determination not to oppose the Turkish arms. He then ordered the Mamelouks to quit the country; and the greater part of them, under Abdah Rochman Bey, retired towards Darfour; some went in the opposite direction, to the banks of the Red Sea; and we were assured on our return to Egypt, that a few, forgetful of the fate of all who had trusted to the promises of Mahommed Ali, had thrown themselves on the mercy of their persecutor.

An expedition, which was at that moment advancing from Egypt against Darfour, would probably disperse or destroy the few who were still united under Abdah Rochman Bey; and the present details may be considered as the conclusion of the history of the Mamelouks. That once dreaded name has e'er now ceased to exist; and, if it be forbidden to lament the extinction of a race of insolent, though intrepid, warriors,

I may be allowed to express a hope, that they have not fallen by treachery, but have died, as they lived, with the sabre in their hand avenging on the myrmidons of Mahommed Ali their severe and continued sufferings, their own fate, and the fate of their massacred comrades.' pp. 227—31.

Our limits compel us to pass over much important matter, and many lively and characteristic anecdotes. At the ruined town of Sasef in Nubia, our Travellers discovered, with great delight, four fine old Egyptian pillars at a distance of about 600 yards from the Nile. They were of a hard sand-stone, and perfect, full of hieroglyphics and figures much defaced by time. The ancient city, of which these ruins are the only monuments, Mr. Waddington supposes to have been Aboccis or Abouncis. The temple of Sôleb faces the Nile, and is about 400 yards distant from it. It is a light specimen of Ethiopian or Egyptian architecture.

The sandstone, of which most of the columns are composed, is beautifully streaked with red, which gives them, at a little distance, a rich and glowing tint. The side and posterior walls have almost disappeared; and the roof (for the adytum has been completely covered) has every where fallen in, so that there remains no ponderous heap of masonry to destroy the effect of eleven beautiful and lofty columns, backed by the mountains of the Desert, or by the clear blue horizon. We were no longer contemplating a gloomy edifice, where heaviness is substituted for dignity, height for sublimity, and size for grandeur; no longer measuring a pyramidal mass of stone-work, climbing up to heaven in defiance of taste and of nature. We seemed to be at Segesta, at Phigalea, or at Sunium; where lightness, and colour, and elegance of proportion, contrasted with the gigantic scenery about them, make the beauty of the buildings more lovely, and their durability more wonderful. There is no attempt in them to imitate or rival the sublimity that surrounds them;—they are content to be the masterpieces of art, and therefore they and nature live on good terms together, and set off each other's beauty. Those works of art that aim at more than this, after exhausting treasures, and costing the life and happiness of millions, must be satisfied at last to be called hillocks!

p. 290.

We now take a reluctant leave of this agreeable and interesting Writer. The equanimity with which he sustained the privations and perils of his expedition, proves that he is a worthy disciple of the respected Burckhardt, and has imbibed from that exemplary pattern of meekness in suffering and perseverance in pursuit, the best lessons of a scientific traveller. His love of picturesque beauty, and his thirst after antiquarian knowledge, rendered him insensible to evils at which most of our youth, trained to the softness, and enervated by the indulgencies of polished life, would shrink with affright. There was

something, it is true, in being constantly employed; and the singularity of the scenes that from day to day presented themselves, imparted somewhat of dramatic, and at times of comic interest, to dissipate the sense of languor and of disgust. But, added to this, there was another charm. They were treading a country yet unexplored, and had not to pace in the trammels which antecedent travellers impose on those who follow in their footsteps. The Nile, too, that mighty stream, seemed to inspire them with a genuine enthusiasm. It was their constant companion; and in parting from it, it was as if they were severed from an old friend, whose society they had enjoyed, and in whose labours they had participated. Mr. Waddington writes more like a gentleman and a scholar, than a professed author. No symptoms of laborious book-making occur in his work. It is enlivened by a fertile and active fancy; and while devoid of that sickly and affected sentiment by which some compilers of voyages and travels endeavour to atone for want of sound remark or discriminating reflection, it abounds with passages which shew him to be no insensible spectator of the miseries of man in a wretched climate and under a rapacious government.

Art. II. *The Remains of Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham, late of St. John's College, Cambridge.* With an Account of his Life. By Robert Southey. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. xvi. 186. Price 9s. London. 1822.

WE shall give, in Mr. Southey's own words, an explanation of the circumstances which have led to the publication of this additional volume, so long after the appearance of the original work. In consequence of the general interest excited by the *Remains*, 'the relatives of the Author,' it is stated, 'were often advised and solicited to publish a further selection; and applications to the same effect were sometimes addressed' to the Editor. An idea was entertained by some persons, that many papers on the subject of religion, might have been suppressed, as unworthy of Henry's abilities, which would not be unacceptable to pious persons.

The wishes, thus privately expressed, for a further selection, were seconded by the publishers; but so little had any such intention been originally entertained, that the poems, and some prose compositions, which from time to time were recovered and thought worthy of preservation, were inserted in the former volumes as the opportunity of a new edition occurred. At length, however, when some letters of more than common interest were put into Mr. Neville White's possession, the propriety of bearing a future publication in mind, was perceived; and, from that time, such letters and compositions as were discovered, were laid aside with this view. From these, and from

the gleanings of the original collection, the present volume has been formed.'

We appreciate the honourable feeling which produced this backwardness to seem to take advantage of the strong interest excited by the *Remains*, by levying a fresh contribution on the public in the shape of additional fragments and letters. Yet, as matters have turned out, it is unfortunate that a third volume was not from the first contemplated. The additions which have been silently made, edition after edition, would, together with the pieces now for the first time made public, have formed a volume of respectable bulk; and the purchasers of the early editions would now have been able to put themselves in possession at once of all the *addenda*. A third volume might then have been brought forward, needing no explanation or apology. We are, however, much mistaken if the contents of this publication will not gratify a very numerous class of our readers—all, indeed, to whom genius is an object of emulation, and piety of affectionate esteem. 'Youth and age, the learned and the unlearned, the proud intellect and the humble heart, have derived,' Mr. Southey remarks of the former volumes, 'from these melancholy relics, a pleasure, equal perhaps in degree, though different in kind.' The same feeling, will, we think, extend itself to these additions, although, detached from the collected works, they will be the more severely scrutinized; and it is a great disadvantage, that they are so completely disconnected with the affecting memoir which reflected an interest on every line of Henry's poetry. Few of these fragments would have been thought unworthy of insertion in the original publication; and the prose compositions derive an intrinsic value from that 'premature good sense' which, as his Biographer remarks, was even a more extraordinary trait of Henry's mind than his genius. The following Sonnet claims a prominent place among our extracts.

' TO DECEMBER.

' Dark-visag'd visiter, who comest here
Clad in thy mournful tunic, to repeat
(While glooms and chilling rains enwrap thy feet)
The solemn requiem of the dying year,
Not undelightful to my listening ear
Sound thy dull showers, as o'er my woodland sent,
Dismal and drear, the leafless trees they beat
Not undelightful, in their wild career,
Is the wild music of thy howling blasts,
Sweeping the grove's long aisle, while sullen Time
Thy stormy mantle o'er his shoulder casts,
And, rock'd upon his throne, with chant sublime,
Joins the full-pealing dirge; and Winter weaves
Her dark sepulchral wreath of faded leaves.'

The 'Winter Song' is very spirited, and has great merit considered as an 'early poem.'

' Rouse the blazing midnight fire,
Heap the crackling faggots higher;
Stern December reigns without,
With old Winter's blust'ring rout.

' Let the jocund timbrels sound;
Push the jolly goblet round;
Care avaunt, with all thy crew,
Goblins dire, and devils blue.

' Hark! without the tempest growls,
And the affrighted watch-dog howls;
Witches on their broomsticks sail,
Death upon the whistling gale.

' Heap the crackling faggots higher,
Draw your easy chairs still nigher;
And to guard from wizards hoar,
Nail the horse-shoe on the door.

' Now repeat the freezing story
Of the murder'd traveller gory,
Found beneath the yew-tree sear,
Cut his throat from ear to ear.

' Tell, too, how his ghost, all bloody,
Frightened once a neighbouring goody;
And how still at twelve, he stalks,
Groaning o'er the wild-wood walks.

' Then, when fear usurps her sway,
Let us creep to bed away;
Each for ghosts, but little bolder,
Fearfully peeping o'er his shoulder.'

We shall transcribe another of the 'early poems,' which possesses almost equal merit. It was probably Henry's first attempt in this metre, and written at that stage when the instinct of imitation is the strongest. Collins is a favourite with all youthful enthusiasts; his exquisite Ode to Evening has obviously been the model in the present instance. The diction savours rather too strongly of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and some of the stanzas are incorrectly written; but it bears the decisive stamp of genius.

' TO THE MORNING STAR.

' Many invoke pale Hesper's pensive sway,
When Rest supine leans o'er the pillowy clouds,

And the last tinklings come
From the safe folded flock.

'But me, bright harbinger of coming day,
Who shone the first on the primeval morn,—
Me thou delightest more,
Chastely luxuriant.

'Let the poor silken sons of slothful pride
Press now their downy couch in languid ease,
While visions of dismay
Flit o'er their troubled brain.

'Be mine to view, awake to nature's charms,
Thy paly flame vanish from the sky,
As gradual day usurps
The welkin's glowing bounds.

'Mine, to snuff up the pure ambrosial breeze
Which bears aloft the rose-bound car of morn,
And mark his early flight
The rustling skylark wing.

'And thou, Hygeia, shalt my steps attend,
Thou whom, distracted, I so lately wooed,
As on my restless bed
Slow past the tedious night;

'And slowly, by the taper's sickly gleam,
Drew my dull curtain, and with anxious eye
Strove, through the veil of night,
To mark the tardy morn.

'Thou, Health, shalt bless me in my early walk,
As o'er the upland slope I brush the dew,
And feel the genial thrill
Dance in my lightened veins.

'And as I mark the Cotter from his shed
Peep out with jocund face, thou, too, Content,
Shalt steal into my breast
Thy mild, thy placid sway.

'Star of the morning! these thy joys I'll share,
As rove my pilgrim feet the sylvan haunts;
While to thy blushing shrine
Due orisons shall rise.'

Among the poems of a later date, we are pleased to notice several of a devotional nature. It will be seen, by the following extract from a letter to Mr. R. W. Almond, that Henry had resolved to devote his talents in future, to the cultivation of religious poetry. The letter is dated, Nov. 1803.

My dear friend, I cannot adequately express what I owe to you on the score of religion. I told Mr. Robinson you were the *first instrument* of my being brought to think deeply on religious subjects; and I feel more and more every day, that if it had not been for you, I might, most probably, have been now buried in apathy and unconcern. Though I am in a great measure blessed,—I mean blessed with *faith*, now pretty stedfast, and heavy convictions, I am far from being happy. My sins have been of a dark hue, and manifold. I have made *Fame* my God, and *Ambition* my shrine. I have placed all my hopes on the things of this world. I have knelt to Dagon; I have worshipped the evil creations of my own proud heart, and God had well nigh turned his countenance from me in wrath; perhaps one step further, and he might have shut me for ever from his rest. I now turn my eyes to Jesus, my saviour, my atonement, with hope and confidence: he will not repulse the imploring penitent; his arms are open to all; they are open even to me; and in return for such a mercy, what can I do less than dedicate my whole life to his service? My thoughts would fain recur at intervals to my former delights, but I am now on my guard to restrain and keep them in. I know now *where* they ought to concenter, and with the blessing of God, they shall *there* all tend.

My next publication of poems will be solely religious.* I shall not destroy those of a different nature which now lie before me, but they will, most probably, sleep in my desk, until, in the good time of my great Lord and Master, I shall receive my passport from this world of vanity. I am now bent on a higher errand than that of the attainment of poetical fame. Poetry, in future, will be my *relaxation*, not my employment. Adieu to literary ambition! "You do not aspire to be prime minister," said Mr. Robinson, "you covet a far higher character; to be the humblest among those who minister to their Maker."

The Hymns printed in this volume were, we suspect, early efforts, with the exception, perhaps, of the fragment of a version of Psalm xxii., which, though by no means faultless, contains some very fine lines. We transcribe Hymn I.

' The Lord our God is full of might;
The winds obey his will:
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

' Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

' Howl, winds of night, your force combine!

Without his high behest,

Ye shall not in the mountain pine

Disturb the sparrow's nest.

* The *Christiad* was probably intended to form the principal poem in the volume he contemplated. Rev.

' His voice sublime is heard afar ;
In the distant peal it dies.

He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

' Ye nations bend,—in reverence bend ;

Ye monarchs, wait his nod ;

And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.'

Henry's maturer taste would have detected an impropriety in the manner in which the Almighty is represented sitting as an angel, in the last verse of Hymn II. : it is clearly a juvenile production. There is a fragment in blank verse at p. 108, to which the title of Sonnet is inadvertently misapplied.

On the whole, interesting as these relics become in connexion with the character and early death of the youthful poet, they shew that the task of selection could not have been confided, in the first instance, to better hands than those of his accomplished and kind-hearted Biographer, and that the suspicion was most unfounded, which attributed to Mr. Southey the omission of any pieces on account of their being of an enthusiastic cast. If there are any persons who are disposed to wonder that Henry should not have employed more of his time latterly in religious composition, the extract from the preceding letter supplies them with a sufficient explanation of the circumstance. Poetry had ceased to be his main pursuit, or his main solace, for fame had ceased to be his idol. His new and better feelings were not less powerful or ardent than those which prompted and inspired his poetical efforts, but they sought a different vent : instead of being condensed into verse, they exhaled in prayer. He could not bring himself to sit down to hymn-writing, as a mere poetical exercise. If the composition of hymns be any thing better than a mere Sunday exercise, as it were, of the poet, a well-meant effort to be pious in verse, it must be the product of an enthusiasm not less real, but infinitely more elevated than that which is inspired by the love of fame ; it must be the expression of feelings to which even the pious find it difficult to rise, and of which it is the most delicate of tasks to make others the confidants, without violating either the propriety of the subject, or the privacy of the bosom's sanctuary.—We cannot give a more striking illustration of Henry's fervent piety, than is furnished by the following admirable letter to his brother Neville : it speaks more than a centenary of hymns.

' My dear Neville,

' I am not much surprised at the long delay you have made in your approach to the Lord's table ; nor do I blame your caution ; but re

member, that there is a difference between hesitation, on account of the awful nature of the ordinance, and the consciousness of unfitness; and hesitation, on account of an unwillingness to bind yourself with still stronger ties to the profession of Christianity. You may fear to approach that holy table, lest you should again fall away, and your latter state should be worse than your first; but you must not absent yourself from it, *in order that you may fall away* with less danger to your soul. You cannot, by any means, purify yourself, so as to become a *worthy* partaker of that blessed ordinance; but you may qualify yourself to partake of it with a quiet conscience and spiritual comfort. The very sense of unworthiness, of which you complain, is the best of all possible frames of mind with which you can approach the sacred table; and there can be little doubt, that with such an abiding consciousness of unfitness about you, God will have respect to your weakness, and will bestow upon you such an additional portion of his strength, as shall effectually guard you against subsequent temptations. A particular blessing attendant on the holy communion, is, that it strengthens us in the ways of Christ. God seems to have a peculiar care for those who have sealed their profession with this solemn office; and Christians appear to receive a portion of spiritual strength at these periods, which bears them through, 'till they again meet at the holy mysteries.

• • • • •
 ' Opportunity for quiet meditation is a great blessing; I wish I knew how to appreciate its value. For you, my dear brother, be not discouraged; God sees your difficulties, and will administer to your weaknesses; and if after much prayer and serious thought, you can endue yourself with the garb of humility, and kneel a trembling guest at the table of your Redeemer, content even to pick up the crumbs that fall from it, and deem them far beyond your desert; if, I say, you can go to the sacrament with these feelings, never fear but our all-blessed and benign Father will approve of your offering, and will bless you accordingly. Do not, however, be hurried into the step by the representations of your friends. Go, then, only when your heart, consecrated by prayer, longs to partake of the body and blood of its Saviour, and to taste, in more near and full fruition, the fruits of redeeming love. And may God's blessing, my dear brother, attend you in it, and make it a means of confirming you in his way, and of weaning you more completely from the world and its passing joys!'

pp. 51—3.

Mournful as is the sentiment awakened by what we are apt to regard as the premature death of such a young man, we agree with Henry's Biographer, that 'no after-works which he might have left on earth, however elaborate, could,' in all probability, 'have been so influential as his youthful example' has been and will continue to be. Nearly fifteen years have elapsed, since the first publication of the *Remains*, and they still maintain the popularity they deserve. In what proportions the

genius displayed in his productions, the beauty of his character, and the good sense and moral excellence conspicuous in his Letters, have contributed to secure and to sustain this interest, it is unnecessary and would be difficult to decide. Chatterton's talents were more extraordinary, and his fate far more tragical. But how different in kind, as well as in intensity, is the interest almost universally attaching to the name of White! Of him we cannot think as unfortunate; nor, though he doubtless fell a sacrifice to the ardour with which he engaged in the academic contest, can we number him among the victims of genius. We see no propriety in the designation of 'martyr-student,' applied to him by Professor Smyth. He neither died for the truth, nor suffered martyrdom; but, as Southey has beautifully expressed it,—'just at that age when the painter would have wished to fix his likeness, and the lover of poetry would delight to contemplate him, in the fair morning of his virtues, the full spring blossom of his hopes,—just at that age hath death set the seal of eternity upon him, and the beautiful hath been made permanent.' A youthful poet has furnished by far the best epitaph that has yet appeared, in the following elegant sonnet.

' Though as the dew of morning short thy date,
 Though Sorrow look'd on thee, and said, "Be mine!"
 Yet, with a holy ardour, bard divine,
 I burn,—I burn to share thy glorious fate,
 Above whate'er of honours or estate
 This transient world can give. I would resign
 With rapture Fortune's choicest gifts for thine,
 More truly noble, more sublimely great.
 For thou hast gained the prize of well-tried worth,
 That prize which from thee never can be riven:
 Thine, Henry, is a deathless name on earth,
 Thine, amaranthine wreaths new-pluck'd in heaven!
 By what aspiring child of mortal birth
 Could more be asked? To whom might more be given?
Chauncy Hare Townsend.

Art. III. 1. *Grounds of Hope for the Salvation of all dying in Infancy*; an Essay. By the Rev. William Harris, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 166. Price 4s. 6d. London. 1821.

2. *Consolation to Parents amid the Loss of Children*: in two Discourses, delivered at Whitby. By the Rev. Robert Moffat. 8vo. pp. 70. Whitby. 1821.

IT is a valuable remark made by Dr. Dwight, that 'intuitive certainty concerning the moral character of God might exist without any useful influence on the heart or on the life;

for he who, in the possession of high probable evidence of the benevolence of God, should demand a demonstration of this truth before he would yield his heart to his Maker, would not be at all more inclined to yield it, when he arrived at that demonstration.' In other words, a religious confidence in God, is a state of mind essentially different from the clearest views of his moral attributes. If every apparent objection against the perfect benevolence of God could be satisfactorily answered, the infidel would still be as far as ever from being reconciled to God. Nothing can be more monstrous than the supposition, that our duty to our Creator can be at all suspended on the degree of satisfaction we may be able to attain to, respecting the moral perfections of the Divine character, or the harmony of his proceedings with our ideas of moral perfection. It constitutes an important part of our probation, that the evidence of many fundamental truths is far from being so clear as to compel our belief; that it is sufficient, but not irresistible. And the disposition to believe on sufficient evidence, and to confide in the face of opposite appearances, is precisely that state of mind which receives, in the Scriptures, the most emphatic marks of the Divine approbation.

An intellectual acquiescence in the Divine character has undeniably been attained to by many persons, who have possessed neither the spirit of devotion, nor the temper of obedience; who have shewn little confidence in the providence of God, and little reverence for his revealed will. On the other hand, religious biography presents to us theologians whose views of the Divine character appear to have been perplexed, gloomy, and even derogatory, in whom nevertheless the love of God and the love of man were conspicuous, their practice outshining their creed, and their hearts being more sound than their divinity. It cannot be doubted, which, of the two characters, is the better entitled to the name of Christian; but the former may seem, at the first view, to have in it most of the philosopher. Strange contradiction! The God of the Calvinist is affirmed to be a God of terrors, of arbitrary and unrelenting severity; and yet, He is feared, and confided in, and worshipped, and cheerfully served by those who are charged with having such views of his attributes. The God of the philosopher is all benevolence, incapable of wrath even against the guilty, the object of perfect complacency even to those who oppose his will, and bear no likeness to his image; and yet, this metaphysical idol is served by his worshippers with nothing beyond a shadowy incense,—is approached without confidence, and obeyed, if at all, without love. Surely, the gloomiest,

soonest bigot who loves his Saviour, is not less even of a philosopher than the cold complimenter of his God.

It is well known that sentiments have been avowed respecting the salvation of Infants, by divines of highly venerable name, which are abhorrent alike to the dictates of humanity and the spirit of the Gospel. These sentiments have been adduced as a popular objection to the system from which they have been supposed to flow as a consequence; and we have no hesitation in admitting, that were the system really chargeable with such a consequence, the objection would be unanswerable. At least, the presumption against its truth would be so strong, as scarcely to admit of being outweighed by any moral evidence in its favour. The notions in question have not, however, been exclusively held by any one school of theology; for though the supposed conditions of the salvation of Infants have been different, as maintained by the abettors of Baptismal Salvation and of Sovereign Reprobation, both Calvinists and anti-Calvinists have held, that a large proportion of those who die in infancy are excluded from the benefits of Redemption.

Of the parties holding such sentiments, it is saying far too little, that they were not conscious of holding sentiments dishonourable to God; for that apology might be offered for many misguided zealots, whose conduct has been in palpable contrariety to his revealed will. But many of these theologians were men of unquestionable piety and benevolence. Their practice was untainted by the dark character of their metaphysical creed. The speculation they had on this subject, was felt to be an unmanageable difficulty, which they would have been glad to dispose of otherwise, could they have seen the way clear to a different solution. In the mean time, how irreconcilable soever this obscure article of their faith was with what they themselves believed and taught respecting the Divine character, it never for a moment interfered with their confidence in the perfect justice, wisdom, and goodness of the Moral Governor of the Universe, the "God of all grace."

Now surely, if theological error be ever innocent, this were a case in which it would seem to be free from criminality; and yet, it has been dealt with as a case undeserving of the least clemency. Not that we would bespeak any quarter for the error itself; but, on behalf of those who may have maintained it, we have thought it but just to premise these remarks in vindication of their piety, though not of their theology; and because we think many persons have not sufficiently discriminated between a state of intellectual satisfaction or quiescence, and a genuine Scriptural confidence in God.

We must address ourselves to the subject of these Tracts.

That "in Adam all die," or are become subject to death,—that death has reigned from the beginning "even over those who had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression,"—is a fact which admits of no dispute; and children, therefore, must be regarded as having fallen so far under the penal consequences of the first transgression,—death being a penalty, and sin or transgression its only assignable cause. How then, it is asked, may we be assured, that the penal consequences of sin in another world, are, as respects infants, universally done away, so that while we see them suffer in this world, and see them die out of it, we may be certain of their salvation?

What answer Reason might have supplied in the absence of Revelation, it is unnecessary to inquire, because the reason of the thing never has been, nor ever could be pleaded, against the doctrine of Infant Salvation. The only source of the supposed difficulties, is, the doctrine of Revelation itself, or rather hypotheses built upon that doctrine, but having no claim to be considered as part of it. Reason, assuredly, would never have furnished ground for doubt, that the souls of infants, supposing them to survive their escape from the body, would partake of that universal happiness, the reign of which sin alone could obstruct or interrupt in any part of the creation of God.

It is the disgrace of Theology, that she has started a doubt which even poor purblind Reason never could entertain, and a doubt discountenanced by the most positive declarations of Scripture. That the souls of infants survive the death of the body, is certain, because the bodies of infants shall assuredly be raised at the general resurrection. The supposition that they fall into annihilation, or exist in a state of everlasting insensibility, which some divines have gravely maintained, or the notion that Baptism is that which renders the soul of the infant immortal, and that the unbaptized consequently perish,—all such notions are in flagrant contradiction to the declaration, that "as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." In what sense they shall be made alive, is manifest from the preceding verse: "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead." That is to say, death, so far as it is the fruit of Adam's transgression, so far as it is the penalty of original sin, is completely done away; the effects of Christ's death and resurrection being coextensive with the fruits of Adam's sin. Death, considered as the separation of soul and body, or the extinction of being, is completely abolished by the "Lord from heaven;" for even the wicked shall come forth to a resurrection of condemnation. All shall in this sense be made alive. And that this restoration of the body shall be to the

wicked no blessing, but a "second death," will result not from Adam's transgression, but from their own.

Children, then, of every age, baptized or unbaptized, elect or non-elect, shall rise again. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this: Will those who have died in infancy, come forth to the "resurrection of life," or "to the resurrection of condemnation?" Or, all being alike, while in this world, incapable of good or evil, will some come forth to the one, and some to the other? For things done in the body, good or bad, they have not to answer: in what character, then, shall they appear at the judgement-seat of Christ? "He that believeth, hath life;" but they never have believed.

'If Heaven's by works, in Heaven they can't appear.'

Of the moral pre-requisites necessary to salvation, faith, repentance, holiness, they have none. But then, it is equally true, that they cannot rank with unbelievers, with the impenitent, with the unholy. "The wrath of God is revealed from Heaven against all ungodliness;" but we read of no wrath against those who have done no evil. Yet, in one of these classes, at the right hand or at the left hand of the Judge, they must appear. Is there any conceivable difficulty in determining which? Is there the least ground for hesitation? Those who think there is, had need be careful lest they be found blasphemers against God.

The doctrine of Original Sin supplies no such ground, as we have shewn above: the fact of the Resurrection is a sufficient answer to any shallow, heartless reasonings grounded on that doctrine.

The absence of moral qualifications or pre-requisites, such as faith and repentance, is no objection. Had it any force, it would prove that *all* infants must be excluded from salvation.

The doctrine of Election as found in Scripture, affords no countenance to the notion that any children dying in infancy, perish everlastingly. For, 1. Election, so far as it is a cause, is a cause only of good, and not of evil: if it is the cause why some are saved, it is not at all the cause why any perish. The only cause of men's perishing is, their not believing, or their disobedience. But no such cause can come into operation in the case of Infants; therefore, if not elected, still no reason is supplied by that circumstance for their not being saved. But, 2. Admit that only the Elect are saved; then all who are saved are Elect. We maintain, that all infants are saved; therefore all infants are of the number of the Elect. We defy the stoutest hyper-Calvinist to disprove their claim to be so included.

One text, one solitary text, has been, with horrid pertinacity, adduced as an argument or precedent in support of the dogma

of Infant Preterition. It is found Rom. ix. 11—13. A more notable instance of wresting the Scripture could hardly be pointed out, than that which would give such a meaning to the passage. Dr. Harris justly remarks, that ‘the scope of the Apostle in this part of his discourse, together with the reference which he makes to Old Testament declarations, evinces that he is reasoning, not on election to salvation, but on the supreme right of God to choose for his own beneficent purposes whomsoever he pleases.’ The words prove, indeed, that foreseen good works are not, as some maintain, the cause or rule of the Divine Predestination, either in the Providential government of the world, or in the dispensation of spiritual favour. Isaac was not chosen, nor was Esau rejected, on account of any foreseen good works or meritorious claims in the former, as the ground of the preference. That Esau died impenitent and excluded from final salvation, is, however, what we can have no right to assume. St. Paul affirms no such thing. That “the elder should serve the younger,” is “the purpose of God according to Election,” of which he is speaking. On Esau’s election or non-election to eternal life, he is silent; and it becomes us to be so. But of this we are certain; that the preference given to his brother could not possibly cause his exclusion from even the Abrahamic covenant, of which he received, equally with his brother, the outward seal; much less could it be the cause of his falling short of heaven. Had he died in infancy, therefore, there would have been no ground to doubt of his eternal safety, though his younger brother would still have succeeded to the birthright.

Election is always spoken of in Scripture as something which visibly takes place in this life. The children of God are “elect through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience.” In this sense, no Infants come under the description of the Elect: all are excluded by the terms, as incapable of obedience. But suppose for a moment, that there were any propriety in the term ‘Elect Infants,’ and that some only are chosen: what becomes of those who are not chosen, not elect? They are left—to what? Left to the hardness and impenitence of their hearts? No, for they are removed before they are capable of sin. Left to the consequences of Adam’s transgression? No, for they shall rise again. Left to suffer the pains and penalties entailed by sin upon this present evil world? No, for God has in mercy removed them from it. These non-elect Infants, then, must, after all, be left to be saved. Taken in every point of view, the doctrine of Election has no aspect that is unfavourable to the eternal happiness of those who die in infancy.

God is a sovereign. “He hath mercy on whom he will have

"mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth."* "Behold, God is greater than man. Why dost thou strive against him? For he giveth not account of any of his matters."† What is the meaning of such declarations as these? Do they imply that there is any thing in the *character* of God, which can afford room for dark and awful surmises as to the possible decrees of his will respecting innocent beings? Dreadful and accursed thought! "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." "God is love." He "willeth not even the death of the sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness, and live." What is the true character of that supposition which would make him will the death of the innocent? The punishment of the wicked is never spoken of in Scripture as proceeding from an absolute act of his will: it is the necessary result of the holiness of the Divine nature, which cannot endure iniquity. *There is no conceivable object of the Divine displeasure, but sin.* "He hath mercy on whom he will have mercy;" but mercy presupposes guilt in those towards whom it is exercised. Mercy is, in its own nature, a sovereign attribute: it is a contradiction in terms, to suppose that it can have any reference, in its exercise, to merit or claim in the subjects of it. For then, as St. Paul argues, "grace were no more grace." It is therefore most true, that, in the dispensation of his grace, God is a sovereign, not accountable to any of his guilty creatures, and not guided or impelled to the acts of his discriminating favour, by any good in them. But does it follow that, in punishing the wicked also, he has no respect to any demerit in them?—that, as he saves whom he will, however undeserving of salvation, so he punishes whom he will, though undeserving of punishment? This were to make the sovereignty of God capable of annihilating his own attributes: it were to make his perfection depend upon his will, instead of his will issue from his perfection. "Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid." If he hardens the wicked, it is, let it never be forgotten, by the exercise of his long-suffering; as St. Paul expressly states. (Rom ix. 22.) In other words, it is their abuse of his long-suffering, which hardens them in impenitence. Thus, there can be nothing more just than his severity, nothing more free than his mercy, nothing more unbounded than his benevolence.

The impiety of those speculations which would darken the revealed character of God, becomes still more apparent, when we contrast them with the design and spirit of the Christian revelation, and especially with the character of the Redeemer, in whom was manifested the essential glory of the Father, and

* Rom. ix. 18. † Job xxxiii. 13.

who is characterized as "full of grace and truth."* His emphatic declaration, when he took up little children in his arms, and blessed them, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven,"—whatever gloss may be put on the phraseology,—is such an unequivocal expression of pure benevolence to little children, that to suppose them to be excluded from the design and benefits of his death, or to be only partially included, is to impute to our Lord's words either equivocation or palpable impropriety. Take "the kingdom of God," or "of heaven," as referring to the Christian dispensation; then, infants, incapable of faith or of making a credible profession, must belong to it; and belonging to it as infants, must belong to it without exception. Take the words in their higher sense, to them is given the felicity of the heavenly mansions, where the reign of Christ shall be consummated. Let the words "of such," be supposed to refer to character, instead of age,—a forced and unnatural rendering,—still, those whom it is said that we must become like to, in order to enter into the kingdom of heaven, must themselves be already fit for that kingdom, or have already entered it.

There is another remarkable passage which has been variously interpreted, and has given rise to many strange fancies. It is found Matt. xviii. 10. The following is Dr. Harris's comment.

'Of the little ones here contemplated, and against the contemptuous treatment of whom our Lord is guarding his disciples, several things are declared as arguments to enforce the admonition. First, they are objects of angelic care. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven:" that is, they are interested in that peculiar dispensation and arrangement of Providence, by which especial provision is made for the welfare of persons peculiarly dear to God;—the angels are theirs, who partaking the highest felicity and glory of creatures, do not disdain to minister to them. Until, therefore, they forfeit by sin their present character, it seems that they are interested in that system of parental administration which is exercised in the course of Divine Providence towards believers in Christ.' p. 118.

The passage is confessedly obscure. We know not that any better exposition can be offered than the above. Could we be certain that by *αγγελος*, Acts xii. 15, ghost or departed spirit was meant, rather than tutelary genius, we should be inclined to consider this passage as affording another instance of the word being used with a similar import. But, taking the word as signifying ministering spirits, the fact, that the highest angels, those in the immediate presence of God, have in charge such

little ones, is decisive as to their being the special objects of the Divine benevolence. It would seem, indeed, that our Lord at all times looked round upon the infant portion of the human race with peculiar fondness and complacency; as if, amid the general darkness and deformity of the moral spectacle,—human nature in ruins, the signs every where of revolt and disorder, in his own disciples obstinate incredulity and grossness of apprehension, and inscribed on the Jewish nation at large the characters which marked it for destruction,—with all this before him, and their doom ever present to his prophetic eye, to wring his heart with anguish,—it seemed as if the sight and the voices of children were a relief and a joy to his holy mind. In them alone, unbelief did not oppose itself to his benevolent ministry; and their artless Hosannas in the Temple were accepted as no unwelcome praise. But, above all, an honour has been put upon the earliest stage of human life by the incarnation of our Lord, who, when he took upon himself to deliver man, did not abhor the Virgin's womb. It was part of his humiliation, that he took upon him not only the form of a servant, but was found in fashion as a child; and having himself passed through infancy, he has given a pledge of his sympathy with all that is born of woman, in its feeblest and lowliest form. To this view of the Saviour's character well corresponds the prophetic representation: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."

How soon children enter upon the awful predicament of accountable agents, is a speculation far more curious than useful. It is most delightful to think, that they are capable of being subjects of the sovereign compassion of God, so long before they can properly be considered as subjects of his moral government; and nearly half the posterity of Adam have passed out of the world in this critical interval, their brief existence here having just served to entitle them to share in the promise of a resurrection to endless life. There are not few that shall be saved, but a multitude whom no man can number, out of every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue. But, next to this thought in consolatory efficiency, is the consideration, that those who die in early youth, after they have learned to distinguish between good and evil, are the subjects of a moral government infinitely wise and just. It is true, that there is no intermediate or middle state between the saved and the lost; yet, as to those respecting whose future condition there may be room for a fearful uncertainty, it is well for us to remember, that for the deeds done in the body alone shall they be brought into judgment. Though by works we cannot be justified, yet, by works we shall be judged; and none shall be sent into punishment.

but at the sentence of a righteous Judge; and "shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right?"

If any of our readers wish to pursue the topic still further, we can cordially recommend to their perusal Dr. Harris's elaborate tract, which fairly exhausts the subject. We think that he might have taken in some instances higher ground, and have adopted a less diffident mode of expression; the Essay is also chargeable with some prolixity. But to those who are seeking for satisfaction on the point of Infant Salvation, his investigation will not appear tedious, nor can it fail, we think, to answer the benevolent purpose of the Writer.

After all, Robert Robinson's inimitable epitaph on four infant children, comprises in a few words the sum and substance of all that can be said on the subject. We wish it were to be found in every church-yard and burial-place in the kingdom. For the benefit of those of our readers who may not have a copy of it, it shall close our article.

Epitaph in Hauxton Church-yard, near Cambridge.

Bold Infidelity! Turn pale and die.

Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie:

Say, are they lost or saved?

If Death's by sin, they sinn'd, because they're here:

If Heaven's by works, in Heaven they can't appear.

Reason, ah, how depraved!

Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied:

They died, for Adam sinn'd: they live, for Jesus died.

Art. IV. *Sermons.* By the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, A. M. Vicar of Harrow, &c. 8vo. pp. viii, 434. London. 1822.

MR. CUNNINGHAM has given, in his early productions, a promise and a pledge which he has not hitherto redeemed. His "World without Souls" and his "Velvet Cushion," amid some faults on the score of good taste, (and to the latter production we had to take exception of a more serious kind,) displayed a vivacity of imagination, a command of language, and an amiableness of character, sanctified by piety, which warranted the hope that, by his more serious efforts, he would lay the public under lasting obligations. Those who have had the opportunity of listening to either his pulpit addresses or his speeches on public occasions, will not, indeed, charge him with having suffered his talents to remain idle or uncultivated; and it is known to them, that they could not have been more worthily or more usefully employed. The eloquence which leaves no trace in the literature of the day, which dies with the utterance, may be not less efficient and permanent in its results, than a

work which should confer on its author a brief and shadowy immortality. In the present day, it requires some magnanimity to resist the temptations to authorship; especially when the individual is conscious that his name would command a certain degree of attention to his performance. Unfortunately, however, that magnanimity is rarely exhibited except by persons from whose labours the public might derive a real advantage; and whatever credit, therefore, it may reflect on the individual, it deprives him of the claims he might otherwise have to our gratitude. But the office sustained by the minister of the Gospel, is one which may well elevate the mind to a noble indifference to all such considerations as relate to mere literary fame; being in itself worthy and sufficient to engross all the aims, and solitudes, and exertions of the man. He that despises the world with its honours and allurements, to devote himself to the business of this high calling, has chosen the good part; and even though his name should be forgotten on earth, "he that winneth souls is wise."

We are at all times indisposed to try a volume of sermons by the rules applicable to other species of authorship; they are for the most part wholly inapplicable, since neither original merit, beauty of composition, learned research, nor vivacity of fancy enters into the appropriate excellence of pulpit compositions. On opening the present volume, therefore, we were not surprised to find Mr. Cunningham disclaiming any pretensions of this kind as foreign from his purpose in these plain specimens of his parochial ministrations. He has evidently felt that this was not the occasion on which to display himself, or the shape in which to challenge homage to his powers of eloquence. An unaffected sobriety characterizes these compositions, which shews that the Preacher has sought to keep his style down to the level of his audience, rather than to work it up to the warmth and vigour of his own feelings; and our cordial approbation is due, not more to the Scriptural correctness of the Author's theology, than to the plainness and practical character of his composition, and the evident subordination of his brilliant talents to the purpose of general usefulness. While, therefore, we cannot accept these sermons in discharge of the obligation in which we still hold Mr. Cunningham bound, to redeem the pledge given in his lighter productions, we tender him our sincere thanks for a volume which will by no means detract from his reputation, and which will, we doubt not, prove highly acceptable to the religious public. His own views in the publication will best be understood from the modest statement by which it is prefaced.

The Author of the following Discourses has not the presumption to

imagine, that by publishing them he is likely to shed any new light over the difficulties of Theology, or to urge with greater force those arguments which have employed the minds of many wise and devout individuals. But he has been led to this undertaking partly by perceiving the general thirst for this species of publication—partly by an ardent desire, before he is called to his great account, to bequeath to his family, his parish, and his friends, some slight memorial of his interest in their temporal and spiritual welfare; and some less fugitive record, than a mere address from the pulpit, of the principles in which he has found, through the great mercy of God, his own consolation and joy.

Perhaps, however, the wish he had for some time entertained, of endeavouring to prepare a volume of sermons for the press, might not have been realised, if he had not felt the importance, during a season of comparative retirement, of labouring to withdraw the mind from mournful contemplations, by occupying it with useful pursuits. And he hopes to be pardoned for so far intruding the facts of his own history on the attention of others, as to state, that he has never felt his trials so little as when thus striving to minister to the wants of a suffering world—as when, having nothing but a “mite” to offer, he has been endeavouring to cast that mite into the treasury of God.

Almost the whole of the sermons in this volume have been preached within the last two years, in the pulpit of that parish which Divine Providence has committed to his care. The circumstance of so large a proportion of the texts of these Discourses being taken from a few limited portions of the Holy Scriptures, arises from their having been parts of courses of sermons preached upon those particular portions of the word of God. To this mode of preaching the Author is strongly disposed, as having a tendency to economise the time otherwise consumed in the selection of texts and topics; as presenting to the hearers large and unbroken masses of the Book of God; as securing the preacher from a partial distribution of the word of life, by selecting only those passages which might chance to suit with the peculiarities of his own theological creed.

The subjects are as follows: Sermon 1. On Indecision in Religion. 1 Kings xviii. 21. 2. On the right Reception of the Word of God. Ja. i. 21. 3. The Necessity of Divine Influence in the Study of the Scriptures. 1 Cor. xii. 3. 4. Necessity of Divine Influence in the Sanctification of the Heart. Eph. v. 9. 5. Life a Race. Heb. xii. 1. 6. The Besetting Sin. 7. Looking unto Jesus. 8. The Inward Testimony. 1 John v. 10. 9. The Church of Ephesus—on Decay in Religion. 10. The Church of Smyrna—Constancy in Religion. 11. The Church of Pergamos—Antinomianism. 12. The Church of Sardis—Nominal Religion. 13. The Mansion in Heaven. John xiv. 2. 14. The Book of Job. 15. The Penitent returning to God. Hos. xiv. 1—3. 16. God our Father. Heb. xii. 9. 17. The Source of the Christian's Joy. Ps. cxix. 11. 18. The Benefits of Affliction. Heb. xii. 11. 19. The Christian a Son. Gal. iv. 7.

20. On a peaceable Spirit. Heb. xii. 14. 21. The Privileges of the True Christian. Heb. xii. 22—4. 22. The Love of an Unseen Saviour. 1 Pet. i. 8. 23. The Christian's Conflict and Triumph. Rev. iii. 12.

With regard to the mode of preaching which Mr. Cunningham recommends, we feel persuaded that, when properly conducted, it unites many advantages. It is, we think, much to be lamented, that exposition, which we cannot but consider as the genuine business of the pulpit, should, in the present day, be so much neglected. It was the primitive, and we believe it to be the most efficient mode. Orations or essays having a text for a motto, or dissertations upon a particular doctrine, may be all very well now and then; but it seems to us that the Book of God is most honoured, when it is read and expounded in course, and the preacher studies to give the sense, and “to cause the people to understand the reading.” The objections which are usually made to this mode of preaching are, that it introduces a cold and critical style of exposition, in which more attention is bestowed on the letter than on the spirit of the text; that it is less interesting—the subject is known before hand, and the passage tires the attention before it is gone through; in a word, that it is less popular, and therefore less adapted to usefulness. These objections will not bear examination. Cold, critical dissertations are always out of place in the pulpit; but an expositor needs not waste the time of his audience in verbal criticism, and there are preachers who, without being critics, can be as cold as the driest philologist. To a lover of his Bible, we contend that exposition is the most interesting mode of preaching; it is at least that which is capable of being rendered the most interesting: it is the preacher's fault if it ever becomes tedious. As to the third objection, that it does not fall in with the taste of a modern audience, the greater is the need that our hearers should be brought back to the habits of better times. The truth, however, is, that an expository mode of preaching is not less popular, but it is more arduous: it requires a greater degree of previous study, and deprives the preacher of the adventitious helps of an artificial method. It has the further disadvantage, perhaps, to the preacher, that it fetters his choice of a subject, requiring him to disregard the casual suggestions of his feelings, and to address himself to the topic which occurs in course, sometimes, it may be, as an unwelcome task. But this objection is easily obviated by occasionally breaking the course of sermons, as Mr. Cunningham has done in this volume. And instead of going through whole books, the purpose of exposition may be as well secured by selecting smaller portions of Scripture, by which method the attention is

relieved, and a larger variety of Divine instruction is brought before the audience. The great object is, to 'present Scripture to the mind,' as Mr. Cunningham expresses it, 'in large and unbroken masses,' taking the scope of the passage as the key to the interpretation of the text, and not shunning to declare the whole counsel of God.

The Sermons founded on the addresses to the Seven Churches of Asia, are some of the most striking in the volume. In each of these, the whole address is taken as the theme of exposition. In Sermon IX, for instance, 'on Decay in Religion,' after a brief exordium, the Preacher proceeds to analyse and comment on the whole passage, (Rev. ii. 1—7.,) under the following division: 'I. The Commendation contained in the text. II. The Reproof. III. The Counsel. IV. The Threats. V. The Promise with which the Text closes.' We shall take our first specimen of these pulpit addresses from the III^d head of this impressive discourse.

'But let us consider, 3dly, the Counsel given to the Church of Ephesus under these circumstances. It is conveyed in these words, "*Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do thy first works.*"

The first counsel here given to them, is to "remember from whence they had fallen."—It is well, my Christian brethren, when threatened with decay or apostacy in religion, to go back to the early stages of our own history; to that happy season of life, when, under the visitations of Providence, or the preaching of the word, we first awoke from the sleep of sin and ruin, to devote ourselves to the service of God. "Ye did run well," says St. Paul to the Galatians; "who doth hinder you, that ye should not obey the truth?"—"Remember from whence thou art fallen." Remember the high standard you once proposed to yourself, the duties you discharged, the comforts and privileges you enjoyed. Remember the hours of communion with God, and of cordial intercourse with his people, once vouchsafed to you. What have you gained in exchange for these? What is there, in the gifts of this poor, fugitive, empty world—in its friendships, its follies, or its honours—to set against your former happiness? Do you not feel that you have forsaken the "living fountains," to drink out of a "broken cistern?" Are you not at this very instant weary of the distinctions you have won, and of the society in which you live; and, whilst perhaps you would be miserable without them, are you not nearly as miserable when surrounded by them?

But it is said in the text, not merely "remember from whence thou art fallen," but "*repent.*" In other words, Return to the God whom you have forsaken—"Arise, and say to your Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." It is one of the mischiefs of a spirit of apostacy in religion, that it veils from us the enormity of the crime involved in such a frame of mind. But surely, my brethren, if any offence ought to be followed by deep con-

trition of soul, it is this. Apostacy is not, like some other offences, the act of inexperience or surprise. It is a sin of deliberation and knowledge. It is the willing abandonment of a God, whose mercy you have known; and the contempt of happiness, whose worth you have tried. Upon such offenders, therefore, if upon any, we may urge the language of Scripture; "Repent, if perhaps" thy sin "may be forgiven"—"repent, and be converted, that your sin may be blotted out"—"turn ye unto the Lord with all your heart, and with fasting, and weeping, and with mourning; rend your hearts—and turn to the Lord your God." Live not willingly for an hour in a state which is the immediate prelude to destruction. "Escape for your life," when the storm of ruin is beginning to break over you.

But the Ephesians are also counselled in the text to "*do their first works*."—One of the chief causes of decay in religion, is the forgetting that the means necessary for *first* bringing us to God, are no less essential for retaining us steadily and consistently in his service. "To watch and to pray," was no less the duty of the disciples when they had "left all for Christ," than when they first approached his presence, and sought his pardon and love. You are, then, in this sense, to "do your first works." Go to the same "fountain" to be washed from your guilt, and to the same Spirit to be healed of your corruption. Humble yourself, with the same prostration of soul as in the very infancy of religion. Pray as intensely, watch as anxiously, as when you first planted your foot on the threshold of the temple of God.—But the text may possibly design something further. One way of returning to God, is, by the aid of his Spirit, *to act as though we had returned*. The heart commonly misleads the practice, but it will sometimes follow it; its sincere *endeavour* to obey will be blessed by the Spirit of God, and the *disposition* to obey will be communicated. Resume, therefore, under God, my brethren, your old standard of duty, and your old rule and habits of life. In the strength of the Lord "*do thy first works*." Avoid the world as though you hated it. Read, and meditate, and pray, as though all these occupations were delightful to you. Thus labour to stretch out the "*withered arm*," and in the effort it shall be cured." pp. 163--166.

The title of Sermon XI. leads us to expect a much more full and specific exposure of the nature and evil of antinomianism, than the discourse contains. This sermon has given us less satisfaction than any. We submit to Mr. Cunningham whether it is not always more dignified and more advisable, to avoid referring, in the tone of self-vindication, to any opinions which ignorant persons may express on the subject of ministerial labours. We know not what class of religionists the Author means to combat in the following passage, unless any of the ministers in Mr. Baring's connexion have gone the absurd length here imputed to the supposed opponent.

"Preach," it is sometimes said to the ministers of the Gospel, "*preach of faith only*; for *faith includes works*; and, therefore, if the

faith be secured, the practice will follow.—To such advisers I would reply, not merely by appealing to the practical character both of the Scriptures and the admirable formularies of our church, but by appealing to *matter of fact*. Not only is it the fact, that where faith alone is preached, a holy practice does not necessarily follow; but that where *assent* is yielded to the truths so preached, “the truth is” often “held in unrighteousness,” and the life remains even as corrupt as before. It is true, that *genuine faith* in the truths of religion *includes* habits of life and temper conformable to this faith; but it by no means follows, that a mere declaration of these truths, or even an assent to them, will be followed by such dispositions and practice.

‘Preach of faith only,’ it is sometimes said, ‘for *faith alone justifies the sinner in the sight of an offended God*.’—To such persons I would answer, No statement can be more unquestionable, than that faith is the only instrument of justification before God. “Faith,” says Hooker, “is the hand by which we put on Christ; by which we lay hold of and appropriate the merits of the Redeemer of a lost world.” “Being justified by faith,” says St. Paul, “we have peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.” It is grateful, cordial, affectionate reliance upon the blood of that “Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world,” that will be accepted by God. Our own works, *necessary as they are*, carry with them, from first to last, so deep and foul a stain of imperfection and corruption, that, far from being a fit offering to God as the price of redemption, the very best of them need to be washed by the tears of repentance and blood of atonement. Nevertheless, if an attempt be made to infer, that, because faith justifies us, *therefore* it is necessary to preach of faith only, we must contend, that however just the premises, the conclusion is wholly unwarranted. For, observe *what the faith is* which justifies. Is it not a living, practical, and productive faith? Is it not a faith which “worketh by love,” which “overcometh the world,” and which moulds the possessor into the character of Christ? I would ask, then, how are we even to *define* justifying faith without enlarging upon practice? And what security can we have that the “faith” adopted by our hearers shall not be the faith of devils, instead of the faith of the Gospel, except we give the portraiture of faith as sketched by the hand of God himself, and surround it by all the qualities and habits which glorify God, which adorn the Gospel, and which guard the welfare and constitute the happiness of society.’ pp. 201—203.

It appears to us, that the practice Mr. Cunningham would reprobate, is not that of preaching faith only, but that of preaching faith unscripturally. The faith of the Scripture is *not* a mere assent to the doctrines of the Gospel, and therefore, where that alone is insisted upon, faith, properly speaking, is not truly preached. And so it may be said as to preaching Christ;—those who do not preach the example of Christ as the rule and standard of a Christian’s life, as ‘the fashion of morals to the Church, his own family,’ do not, in the Scripture sense, preach Christ. We may go further, and, in refe-

rence to the more peculiar doctrines of Christianity, affirm, that he who does not preach conformity to the moral image of Christ as the end and purpose of Predestination, does not preach the Scripture doctrine of Predestination;* any more than he who fails to press home obedience to the precepts of Christ, preaches the Scripture doctrine of Election.† The Gospel is not preached where it is not preached as a whole; and whether the omission relate to faith or to practice, to the way of justification or to the law of holiness, it becomes "another Gospel." We cordially agree, therefore, with the Author as to the necessity of following out the doctrines of the Gospel into their practical bearings. Perhaps, a jealousy for the cardinal point of the Christian system which relates to a sinner's justification, may have led some excellent men to be too shy of pressing "good works" on their hearers, under the idea that these would necessarily flow from a true faith. No preacher, however, in the present day, can run any risk of having his orthodoxy impeached, if he treats of faith and practice in their Scriptural order, insisting upon faith *in order to* good works,—faith as the duty of those who believe not, and good works or holiness as the duty of the true believer. It is by reversing this order, by enjoining good works on the unbeliever in order to his justification, and by inculcating doctrines only on the professed believer, that an encouragement has been given to the opposite errors of Arminianism and Antinomianism. But we see no good in letting an audience suppose that it can be necessary to frame an apology for an evangelical, that is, a practical style of preaching. Mr. Cunningham, however, had probably his reasons for adopting this tone in the present instance. He goes on to remark.

'If it be, in addition, alleged, that Antinomianism is not the *crime of our age*, I answer, It is the crime of every age and of every place. It is more or less, I venture to say, your crime, and mine, and that of every human being. The aversion of the fallen heart is no less to purity in practice, than to truth in doctrine. And even long after the Spirit of God has shed his sanctifying influences upon the soul, this aversion lives, and lifts itself in daily insurrection against the Spirit of purity within us. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these two are contrary the one to the other." And whilst this struggle remains, it can never be safe to trust any thing to the fallen heart, or to fancy that a correct creed will necessarily make a good man.'

There are two admirable and highly useful sermons on the Necessity of Divine Influence. The first is founded on 1 Cor.

* Rom. viii. 29. † 1 Pet. i. 2.

xii. 3. from which the Author shews, 1. ' what progress it is possible to make in the study and use of Scripture, without the special influence of the Holy Spirit ;' and, 2. ' as to what points we must look altogether to this sacred influence.' It is possible, he remarks, without that special influence, to arrive at a bare belief in the truth of Scripture; possible to become acquainted with the contents of the sacred volume; possible to feel the highest admiration for parts of that volume; possible even clearly and strikingly to display its contents to others.

' He may be a man of lively imagination, and conjure up the most attractive images for the illustration of the truth. He may be a master in composition, and therefore able to describe forcibly what he sees distinctly. But, nevertheless, all these powers and faculties may be called into action without the operation of any principle of piety, and, therefore, without the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit on the soul. Strong statements, or glowing descriptions, may be mere instruments which such a man employs for worldly purposes; to move or to control the mind of his hearers, to advance his interest, or to establish his reputation. As in the case of Saul, he may be thus associated with " the prophets," without loving the God of the prophets. Or, as in that of the individuals who " preached Christ from contention," he may be influenced by unholy motives, and yet employ the most sacred language. It is thus that an individual endowed with great natural powers, but a stranger to the grace of God, may strikingly exhibit to others the Redeemer whom he himself neglects; and may powerfully enforce on the consciences of others, obligations which he himself utterly disregards in practice. There are few, even of the devout ministers of the word of God, who do not at some moments feel the danger, in a greater or less degree, of this kind of hypocrisy. And there are, it is to be feared, cases in which the life of the individual is little better than one great practical falsehood from its commencement to its close. " This people draweth nigh to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me."'

pp. 44, 45.

Under the second head, the Preacher shews, that it is by the Holy Spirit we are led to make a personal application of the Holy Scripture to our own case; that it is the Spirit of God who endears the promises of Scripture to the heart; and that the same Divine Agent alone brings the word of God effectually to bear upon the temper and conduct. We must make room for the whole of the very striking remarks which occur under the third particular.

' It is possible, as we have stated, without any special influence of the Holy Spirit, to admit the truth of Scripture. But, without his aid, we cannot obey the Scripture. It is the language of God himself, " I will put my Spirit within thee, and cause thee to obey my statutes." " Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." Man, till brought under this new dominion, is always represented as a captive of

Satan—the world as his prison—and his lusts and appetites as the chains of his terrible bondage. But it is said, “where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” As soon as this new influence is felt on the soul, our chains begin to drop from us. Like the Apostle in the dungeon, we find that some powerful hand is at work for our deliverance. Some angry temper is gradually quieted, some lust is quenched, some passion is bridled. Our powers are gradually enlarged; until, at length, loosened from the bands which held us so long and so disgracefully, we “walk abroad in all the glorious liberty of the children of God.” Then, and then only, it is that we arrive at a full perception of the truth of the declaration, “If the Son make you free, then are ye free indeed.” Compare, my brethren, the obedience of others with that of the individual who thus lives and walks in the power of the Spirit of God. How languid is the compliance of the one class; and how vigorous and decided that of the other! There are many complaints in society as to the dearth of practical religion. And most justly are these complaints in some instances urged, although not always upon right grounds, or in a right spirit, or by the individuals most authorized to urge them. But what is there which ought to inflict deeper anguish on the mind jealous for God, for the Saviour, and for the salvation of mankind, than the low standard of practice which prevails in the world? Suppose, my brethren, one of those happy spirits, acquainted only with the region of love and uninterrupted obedience in which he dwells, to be sent in search of the world appointed for our own habitation, and for which the Son of God lived and died—suppose him to alight amongst us, even on a Sabbath, and to see the multitudes who are profaning that holy day by business, idleness, or dissipation—suppose him to enter the public haunts of vice, and to mingle with the crowd living for this world, and forgetting God and eternity—suppose him to take his place in the family circle of multitudes professing to believe in Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world—what, when he thus contemplated the too general spirit and temper of society—its worldliness, its selfishness, its levity, its indisposition to God and Christ, its feverish pursuit of present things, and its neglect of things to come—and, at the same time, contrasted this world with that which he inhabited, and the manner in which the will of God is “done on earth,” with that in which it is “done in heaven,”—what would he think of the region he had visited? Would he not be disposed to conceive himself mistaken as to the globe on which he had rested—to abandon it in quest of some other region, the principles and practice of whose inhabitants might more strictly accord with their obligations, and where the love manifested to them by a dying Saviour be followed by a grateful and affectionate compliance with his will, and devotion to his service?

“And to what cause may we ascribe this lamentable want of genuine godliness visible among us? To what but to the neglect of the influence of the Holy Spirit? It is the power of the Spirit alone, my brethren, which can produce in us conformity to the will of God and the mind of Christ. “My people,” says the Psalmist, “shall be willing in the day of my power.” “He will teach us his ways,” says Isaiah, “and we

shall walk in his paths." Such are the declarations of God, and the state of the world around us will be found to illustrate and confirm them. It is those alone who, from day to day, and hour to hour, cast themselves upon the Divine power thus pledged to "work in them to will and to do of his good pleasure," who present us with the few bright spots, the Oases which meet and refresh us in the wilderness of life; who are at once the ornament and the joy of society, that "salt of the earth" which serves to keep it from unmixed and irremediable corruption.

pp. 49—53.

The text of the following discourse is taken from Eph. v. 9.; the plan is similar. The Author inquires, I. what useful or attractive qualities a man may possess by nature; and II. what are the qualities which the Spirit of God alone can impart. He may be an honest man—may be mild and gentle in his temper—may possess great benevolence—may be an ardent lover of his country—may possess much merely formal religion. But it is shewn under the second head, first, 'that the very qualities which may exist independently of the sanctifying influence of the Spirit of God, will, without it, be defective in their motive and character:' and secondly, 'that some qualities can have no existence in the mind except by that saving influence.'

There exists not, in the soul unvisited by the Holy Spirit, any really spiritual and heavenly affections, any desire to turn to God, the God of holiness and purity—to seek after him who is the Father, the Governor, the Saviour, the Sanctifier, the Judge of the world.... In short, my brethren, all those qualities which may be called by one general name, "*spiritual*"—that is, all the qualities which respect God, the Saviour, the soul, and eternity—all these the Holy Spirit introduces into the heart, and perpetuates there. He is their Author and their Preserver: He sows the seed, and waters it with the dew of his blessing: He lights the flame, and supplies it with perpetual fuel: He lays the foundation, and erects upon it the lofty and stable superstructure. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith, meekness, and temperance." Even the very qualities to which we have before referred, of meekness, and justice, and benevolence, can exist only in a most imperfect form without Him; but of all the higher, purer qualities and graces—those which link us to heaven, which associate us with the Son of God, which constitute our glory in the eyes of the angels of God, which prepare and qualify us for a blessed immortality—the Spirit, and the Spirit alone, is the Living Fountain, the Beginning and the End. And what, my brethren, after all, is man without these qualities? Take some flattered and favoured possessor of this world's virtues, who is at the same time without the love of God in his soul. Is not this single blot in his character sufficient to darken all his other pretensions? Compare his case with that of another individual. Suppose a man with a high reputation for justice and kindness; but he has *one* fault: he neglects, he resists, he disobeys, he hates and outrages a tender Father. Do you call him virtuous now? Does not this vice, like a thick cloud, shade all the bright-

ness of his character in your eyes? Do you not now regard his shew of virtue as a mere mask and mockery—as a whited sepulchre, hiding beneath it bones and rottenness? Surely then you are bound to come to the same decision with regard to the man who, however adorned with the shew of moral virtue, has not in his soul the love of God his Father, and of Christ his Saviour. I say nothing of the defects of his justice, or kindness, or benevolence, though all these qualities are inevitably of stunted growth in the heart unvisited and unwarmed by the love of God and a Redeemer. But I speak especially of the want of that very love to his Creator and Redeemer. And, suppose him with all the moral qualities of an angel, yet, if he want *this*, I must contend that he is, as yet, a rebel against his Father's authority, and therefore unworthy of commendation. Tell us not of his "justice:" is he just to God? Tell us not of his "meekness:" does he acknowledge and feel the long-suffering and tenderness of the Redeemer? Tell us not of his "love:" does he love the Saviour who loved him, and bought him with his own most precious blood? Does he act, even when his actions are the purest, from a right motive, on a right principle, with a right object? Is he not "living without God" in a world where all is the work of God, all the property of God; where all was lighted up by one touch of his hand, and will be extinguished by another? Is he not paying back the love of Christ with indifference, his graces with neglect, and, by daily acts of sin and worldliness, "crucifying the Son of God afresh?" My Christian brethren, the day is rapidly approaching when the pretensions of all are to be determined. Then we know that all the impenitent and unconverted shall "mourn apart." But, perhaps, amidst that miserable company, there will not be a more miserable creature than he who has been substituting names for things, worldly virtues for spiritual graces, scanty and irregular kindnesses to men for deep devotion, and faith, and love to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; and who, buoyed up for a time by his self-conceit, or the flattery of others, sinks at length into the awful gulf prepared for all that "love not the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." pp. 69—71.

We had marked several other passages for quotation, which our limits will not admit of our inserting. There is a beautiful sermon, entitled, "Looking unto Jesus:" it has the rare merit of adhering to the scope of the passage, which is to furnish an antidote to weariness in religion. The preceding sermon on "Besetting Sins," is of excellent practical tendency, and is an allowable accommodation of the passage, although the inspired Writer had probably reference to a specific sin. "Non loquitur autem de externis vel actualibus (ut vocant) peccatis, sed de ipso fonte; hoc est *concupiscentia*, quæ ita omnes nostri partes occupat, ut undique sentiamus nos teneri ejus laqueis." Such is the comment of Calvin, in which the most judicious expositors have concurred. "The Christian a Son," (Ser. 19.) is an admirable sermon, perhaps one of the best; but it will not admit of detached extracts; and we prefer to select

our concluding specimen from the next sermon, on account of the excellent spirit which it breathes. The text is, Heb. xii. 14. "Follow peace with all men." In shewing, in the second place, 'to what extent we are to pursue it,' the Preacher remarks with great propriety, that, first, we are to "follow peace" *with all nations*; and he reprobates the unchristian spirit of national hostility, which often disguises itself under the name of patriotism. He then proceeds.

'But, secondly, you must follow peace *with men of all opinions*.—Let me not be thought, my Christian brethren, in thus saying, to have any intention of confounding the everlasting distinctions of right and wrong; of maintaining the latitudinarian notion, that a man's sentiments matter nothing, if only he act fairly and consistently up to them. I know that "he who believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and that he who believeth not shall be damned;" and, therefore, that it behooves every man to look well to the course he is steering, and not madly to rush on without the chart and compass of holy Scripture. But, at the same time, is it impossible there should be peace even among those who differ largely in opinion? Is our charity to fall a necessary sacrifice to the theological errors of others? Are we to sin in practice, because they err in judgement? Let the following circumstances also be taken into consideration; that, although the records of eternal truth as far as the grand fundamentals of religion are concerned,—for example, the being of a God, the Divinity and Atonement of Christ, the sacred influence of the Holy Spirit, the fall of man by his own misconduct, his justification by faith in Christ, his conversion by the Holy Ghost, the absolute necessity of good works and amiable tempers,—leave no room for rational doubt or disputation; yet that, as to many lesser points, they are less clear and decisive. And if this be true, then may it be added, that in such circumstances, circumstances nevertheless essential to the free agency of man, it is impossible to expect absolute unity of opinion. Men will infallibly reason as to such points, according to their previous habits, prejudices, and partialities; and we can no more hope to bring them all to one opinion, than to reduce them to one complexion, or, with the tyrant of old, to fit them to one couch. But, my brethren, as it has been often said, "if you cannot reconcile all opinions, you may endeavour to unite all hearts." You may discover the errors of your brother without hating him. You may walk with him as far as he walks in the right path, and at that point quit him with kindness and affection. You may, instead of raking up every topic of disagreement, produce to him, after the example of our Redeemer, those common truths on which you are agreed, and try if, from these just premises, you cannot lead him to juster conclusions. You may, instead of frightening him from all religion by the severity which you associate with it, endeavour to win his homage to right principles by surrounding them with the lustre of a kind temper.

But, thirdly, you must "follow peace with men" *of all classes and characters*.

I need not commend to the affection of their fellow-Christians, the

real disciples of Christ. Mere peace with such individuals, will by no means satisfy you; because your hearts will crave a deeper and more intimate union with them. Of all friendships, I am persuaded that none is so strong as that cemented by the common love of a crucified Redeemer. There indeed is that thorough oneness of heart; that deep and lively sympathy; that intimate mingling of mind with mind; that quick sensibility to each other's honour, interest, and happiness; that tenderness to each other's faults; that homage to each other's excellencies; that mutual sacrifice of self, which the imagination of poets and orators have fancied in worldly friendships, but which never existed except in bosoms softened and sanctified by the influences of the Holy Spirit. With such persons you, if real Christians, will delight "to take sweet counsel," to "go up to the house of God as friends," to listen to their history of the mercies and tenderness of that Saviour who is the "very joy of your own hearts."

'But the text calls you to a more difficult duty; the "following peace" with those who *do not love God*. You are to "follow it with *all men*." And therefore, my Christian brethren, the vilest sinner and the bitterest enemy are not to be excluded from the sphere of your tenderness—"bless them that curse you;" "pray for them which despitefully use you;" "if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." Consider, again and again, the various circumstances which ought to dispose you to peace with such individuals. Perhaps you mistake them. Perhaps their irreligion is the consequence of disadvantages in connection, or station, or education; and it is therefore more a subject of pity than of anger. Perhaps your own Christian kindness to them is the very instrument by which God designs to draw them to himself. Perhaps your own prayers are appointed to bring down His pardon and grace upon their guilty heads. Perhaps their case is far from desperate; and, even now, the Saviour of the world is, as it were, gone to search for them in the "tombs," to rescue them from the grasp of their lusts and passions, and bring them to sit at his own feet. Or, should none of these mitigating circumstances enter into the case of particular individuals, what, let me ask, is there in the condition of a poor perishing sinner to excite any thing but compassion and grief in the soul of a servant of God? Suppose even,—which, however, you have no right to suppose,—that his everlasting destiny is decided, and that he is a criminal hurrying onward to execution; is it on a person in such awful circumstances you would empty the vials of your indignation? Pity the unconverted sinner; pray for him; weep for him; but do not be angry with him. Persuade him to peace with God; and do not aggravate the horrors of his situation by inflicting on him the additional penalties of your own unkindness.' pp. 364—68.

The concluding paragraphs of this sermon are not less striking; but we must not indulge in further quotations. The copious extracts we have given, are more than sufficient to recommend the publication to the attention of our readers, as one of the best volumes of sermons which have of late issued from

the press. Their very moderate length will render them particularly acceptable to families, while their plainness, seriousness, and practical character adapt them to general usefulness. They appear to want only one thing, the charm they must have derived from the Author's delivery.

Art. V. *Reminiscences* of Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. pp. xii, 326. Price 8s. 6d. London. 1822.

MR. Butler's name stands deservedly high as a literary veteran, who has contrived, amid the professional engagements incident to an extensive practice as a conveyancer, to give the public ample proofs of his scholarship, his various information, his taste, and his industry. In these *Reminiscences*, he assumes the privilege of a sexagenarian, to talk of himself, and his works, and the acquaintance of his early days, and to give, not only his recollections, but his opinions on a multifarious variety of topics—law, politics, oratory, music, poetry, and confessions of faith. These opinions are sometimes given in the tone of a person accustomed to expound the law, and to look for deference; but there is nothing offensive in a self-importance so free from spleen, while in the very garrulity of a man who has read so much, and mixed so much with the world, there will always be that which is worth listening to. From some of Mr. Butler's responses, we shall make free to dissent, but in few of his remarks do we find matter for censure. We shall, therefore, lay aside altogether the critic, and merely give our readers a few specimens of the amusing contents of the volume;—the farewell production, as it should seem, of one who can say with Dr. Johnson, 'that he has lived until most of those whom he could have wished to please, have sunk into oblivion;' of one too, who, in expressing his hope that his pages will have the approbation of the good, the informed, and the candid, owns, 'that their censure will afflict him, and that their praise will prove to him a source of high and abundant gratification.'

The work contains a fund of valuable bibliographical information, but this, though the most useful, is not the most entertaining feature of it. The historical anecdotes and recollections form the most interesting portion. The sketch of the character of Lord Mansfield has appeared in Seward's *Anecdotes*, but is with great propriety reprinted in this volume: it will be amusing to compare the Lord Mansfield of Mr. Butler, with the Lord Mansfield of Junius.

* For some time after his call to the bar, he was without any practice. A speech which he made as counsel at the bar of the house of Lords, first brought him into notice. Upon this, business poured in

upon him at all sides; and he himself was heard to say, that he never knew the 'difference' (any medium) 'between a total want of employment and a gain of 3000*l.* a year.' To this, Mr. Pope alludes in the following lines:

"Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd at the house of Lords."

The second of these lines has been considered as a great falling off from the first. They were thus parodied by Colley Cibber:—

"Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's-bench walks."

His lordship confined his practice to the court of chancery. His command of words, and the gracefulness of his action, formed a striking contrast with the manner of some of his rivals, who were equally distinguished by the extent and depth of their legal knowledge, and their unpleasant enunciation. After he had filled with great applause, the offices of solicitor and attorney general, he was created chief justice of the King's Bench in May 1756, on the decease of Sir Dudley Ryder. He held that situation during two and thirty years. On every occasion, he was equally attentive to the bar and the suitors of the court. In all he said or did, there was a happy mixture of good-nature, good-humour, elegance, ease, and dignity. His countenance was indescribably beautiful; it was an assemblage of genius, dignity, and good nature, which none could behold without reverence and regard. An engraving by Bartolozzi of a portrait of his lordship by Sir Joshua Reynolds, presents a strong resemblance of him in a very advanced age. Nature had given him an eye of fire; its last lingering gleam is exquisitely exhibited in the engraving. His voice, till it was affected by the years which passed over him, was perhaps unrivalled in its sweetness and the mellifluous variety of its tones. There was a similitude (similarity) 'between his action and Mr. Garrick's; and, in the latter part of his life, his voice discovered something of that gutturalness by which Mr. Garrick's was distinguished. He spoke slowly, sounding distinctly every letter of every word. In some instances he had a great peculiarity of pronunciation: authority and attachment, two words of frequent use in the law, he always pronounced *awtawrity* and *attaichment*. His expressions were sometimes low; he did not always observe the rules of grammar; there was great confusion in his periods, very often beginning without ending them, and involving his sentences in endless parentheses: yet, such was the charm of his voice and action, and such the general beauty, propriety, and force of his expressions, that, while he spoke, all these defects passed unnoticed. No one ever remarked them, who did not obstinately confine his attention and observation to them.

Among his contemporaries, he had some superiors in force, and some equals in persuasion; but in insinuation, he was without a rival or a second. This was particularly distinguishable in his speeches from the bench. He excelled in the statement of a case; Mr. Burke said of

“that it was, of itself, worth the argument of any other man.” He divested it of all unnecessary circumstances; brought together all that were of importance; placed them in so striking a point of view, and connected them by observations so powerful, but which appeared to arise so naturally from the facts themselves, that frequently the hearer was convinced before he began to argue. When he argued, he shewed equal ability, but it was a mode of argument always peculiar to himself. His statement of the case predisposed the hearers to fall into the very train of thought he wished them to take, when they should come to consider his arguments. Through these he accompanied them, leading them insensibly to every observation favourable to the conclusion he wished them to draw, and diverting every objection to it; but, all the time, still keeping himself concealed; so that the hearers thought they formed their opinions in consequence of the powers and workings of their own minds, when, in fact, it was the effect of the most subtle argumentation and the most refined dialectic.

In the fundamental principles either of the constitution or the jurisprudence of this country, no one dreaded innovation more than he did. His speech on the case of Eltham Allen shews his notions on the great subject of toleration. He was the first judge who openly discountenanced prosecutions on the popery laws. It has been argued, that his knowledge of law was by no means profound, and that his great professional eminence was owing more to his oratory than to his knowledge. This was an early charge against him: Mr. Pope alludes to it in these lines:

“The temple late two brother serjeants saw,
Who deemed each other oracles of law;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray as a wit.”

To decide on his lordship's knowledge of the law, a serious perusal of his arguments as counsel, in Mr. Atkyns's Reports, and of his speeches as judge, in Sir James Burrows's, Mr. Douglas's, and Mr. Cowper's, is absolutely necessary. If the former be compared with the arguments of his contemporaries, many of whom were men of the profoundest knowledge that ever appeared at the chancery bar, it will not be discovered, that, in learning or research, in application of principles, or in recollection of cases, his arguments are in any wise inferior to those of the most eminent among them. Nor will he suffer by the comparison, if his speeches in giving his judgements from the bench, are compared with those of the counsel at the bar.

It was not on great occasions only, that his lordship's talents were conspicuous: they were equally discoverable in the common business of the courts. *Par negotiis neque supra*, was never more applicable than to the discernment, perseverance, abilities, and good humour with which he conducted himself in this part of his office. The late Earl of Sandwich said of him, that his talents were more for common use, and more at his finger-ends, than those of any other person he had known. But his highest praise is, that his private virtues were allowed by all, and his personal integrity was never called in question.

Junius terms Lord Mansfield 'a bad man and a worse judge,' calling in question both his private virtues and his personal integrity; but Junius, Mr. Butler probably thinks to be, in this case, nobody. Even in his own sketch of his Lordship's portrait, it is not difficult, however, to recognise, veiled under the language of panegyric, the traits of the same character which employed the caustic pen of the mighty Censor. Of such a person as Mr. Butler has described, it would be risking nothing to affirm, that if not a good man, he must have been a very dangerous one. The wily Scotchman, the political lawyer, is betrayed in the very terms of the eulogy. It is the portrait of a great man, (and such, unquestionably, Lord Mansfield was,) but not of a man of the highest style of greatness. His Lordship is said by Horace Walpole to have been naturally timid, and, like most timid men, inclined to severity, if not to cruelty. He was for a long time the parliamentary champion of the Newcastle administration in the Commons' House; but, ashamed, it may be, of his coadjutors, or distrustful of their being able to stand their ground, nothing could induce him to waive, even for a few months, securing the rich remuneration for his political services, afforded by the death of Lord Chief Justice Ryder. At a critical moment, when all his oratory was wanted in the House on behalf of his friends, that high office became vacant; he demanded it, and his demand was reluctantly acceded to.

Lord Hardwicke is spoken of in very high terms.

'At the period when the Reminiscent engaged in the profession of the law, the talents displayed by lord Hardwicke in the senate and on the bench, were the universal theme of panegyric. Some,—but faintly,—blamed him for too frequently permitting principles of equity to control rules of law,*—and this charge was occasionally insinuated by lord Northington, his immediate successor. But, the eminent merit of his lordship's general administration of justice in his court was admitted by all.'

Lord Mansfield is said to have mentioned him in terms of admiration and of the warmest friendship. 'When his Lordship pronounced his decrees, wisdom herself,' he said, 'might be supposed to speak.' Both Burke and Wilkes also are stated to have described lord Hardwicke's oratory to the Author in these very words. Our readers will have in recollection Lord Waldegrave's pithy remark, that he was 'undoubtedly an excellent Chancellor,' and that 'had he been less avaricious, less proud, less unlike a gentleman, and not so great a poli-

* The very charge brought against Lord Mansfield by Junius. Rev.

‘tician, he might have been thought a great man.’* There was, probably, some pique and some ill nature, together with some truth in this representation. Mr. Nicholls, in his “*Re-collections*,” describes the Earl as ‘certainly a very able magistrate, and a very honest man under a most craving appetite—extreme avarice; but then, he was not even suspected of having ever acquired money by incorrect means.’ He was not the first nor the last Lord Chancellor who has been reproached for his frugality and his keen sense of the value of money. On the whole, Mr. Nicholls does him no more than justice when he says, that he must be reckoned ‘among our greatest and most spotless lawyers.’

Lord Camden’s eloquence is described by our ‘*Reminiscent*,’ as ‘of the colloquial kind, extremely simple, diffuse, but not desultory;’ abounding with legal idioms, but these were always introduced with a pleasing effect. ‘Sometimes,’ it is added, ‘his Lordship rose to the sublime strains of eloquence; but the sublimity was altogether in the sentiment; the diction retained its simplicity; this increased its effect.’

‘As a speaker,’ says Mr. Nicholls, ‘Lord Camden possessed one beauty beyond any man I ever heard; his style and his delivery were little above those of private conversation. He seemed to be arguing with a friend, rather than contending with an adversary; it was the *mitis sapientia Lælii*.’ In this respect, he is represented as the very contrast of Lord Mansfield, by whom every thing was done with effort. Lord Camden is stated to have been a great novel reader.

The judicial oratory of Lord Rosslyn is described by Mr. Butler as having been ‘exquisite;’ his arguments were perspicuous, luminous in their order, and chastely elegant: the Author thinks that justice has seldom been done to either his heart or his talents. But ‘the most perfect model of judicial eloquence,’ continues Mr. Butler, (and here most persons, we believe, will subscribe to the justness of his panegyric,) ‘is that of Sir William Grant.’

‘In hearing him, it was impossible not to think of the character given of Menelaus by Homer, or rather by Pope; that

“He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.”
But Sir William *did* much more:—in decomposing and analysing an immense mass of confused and contradictory matter, and forming clear and unquestionable results, the sight of his mind was infinite. His exposition of facts and of the consequences deducible from them, his discussion of former decisions, and shewing their legitimate weight and authority, and their real bearings upon the point

* *Eclectic Review*, N.S. Vol. XV. p. 427.

in question, were above praise: but the whole was done with such admirable ease and simplicity, that while real judges felt its supreme excellence, the herd of hearers believed that they should have done the same. Never was the merit of Dr. Johnson's definition of a perfect style,—“proper words in proper places,” more sensibly felt than it was by those who listened to Sir William Grant. The charm of it was indescribable; its effect on the hearers was that which Milton describes, when he paints Adam listening to the angel after the angel had ceased to speak;—often and often has the Reminiscent beheld the bar listening, at the close of a judgement given by Sir William, with the same feeling of admiration at what they had heard, and the same regret that it was heard no more.

On this follows a panegyric on the present Chancellor, to whose merits as a judge, with the single drawback of a slow-moving cautiousness in giving the results of his interminable deliberation, that is sometimes not a little inconvenient to the suitors, all parties have concurred in yielding their suffrage. The greater is the pity that so good a Chancellor should have upon his hands the business of Speaker of the House of Lords, and all the toilsome duties of the Cabinet. A man with his good humour and *bonhomie*, so fond as he is of a joke, so good a shot, as well as so sound a lawyer, how much is it to be regretted that he should be a politician and a minister!

The *Reminiscences* relating to Parliamentary Eloquence, open with a spirited character of the great Pitt, Lord Chatham. We must make room for nearly the whole of it.

‘Of those by whom Lord North was preceded, none probably, except Lord Chatham, will be remembered by posterity. It was frequently given to the writer of these pages to hear the speeches, both in the house of Commons and the house of Lords, of this extraordinary man. No person in his external appearance was ever more bountifully gifted by nature for an orator. In his look and his gesture, grace and dignity were combined, but dignity presided; the “terrors of his beak, the lightning of his eye,” were insufferable. His voice was both full and clear; his lowest whisper was distinctly heard, his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of the sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate; and then he had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. He frequently rose, on a sudden, from a very low to a very high key, but it seemed to be without effort. His diction was remarkably simple, but words were never chosen with greater care. He mentioned to a friend of the Reminiscent, that he had read twice, from beginning to end, *Bailey's Dictionary*, and that he had perused some of *Dr. Barrow's Sermons* so often, as to know them by heart.

‘His sentiments, too, were apparently simple; but sentiments were never adopted or uttered with greater skill. He was often

miliar and even playful, but it was the familiarity and playfulness of condescension; the lion that dandled with the kid. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the whole house sunk before him. Still he was dignified, and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this most important effect, that it impressed every hearer with a conviction that there was something in him finer even than his words; that the man was infinitely greater than the orator. *No impression of this kind was made by the eloquence of his son, or his son's antagonist.*

But, with this great man, manner did much. One of the fairest specimens which we possess of his lordship's oratory, is his speech in 1766, for the repeal of the Stamp Act.

“Annuit, et nutu totum tremefecit Olympum.”

Most, perhaps, who read the report of this speech in Almon's Register, will wonder at the effect which it is known to have produced on the hearers; yet the report is tolerably exact, and exhibits, although faintly, its leading features. But they should have seen the look of ineffable contempt with which he surveyed the late Mr. Grenville, who sat within one of him, and should have heard him say with that look,—“As to the late ministry, every capital measure they have taken, has been entirely wrong.” They should also have beheld him, when, addressing himself to Mr. Grenville's successors, he said,—“As to the present gentlemen, those, at least, whom I have in my eye,” (looking at the bench on which Mr. Conway sat,) “I have no objection: I have never been made a sacrifice by any of them. Some of them have done me the honour to ask my poor opinion, before they would engage to repeal the act: they will do me the justice to own, I did advise them to engage to do it. But, notwithstanding, for I love to be explicit, I cannot give them my confidence. Pardon me, gentlemen,” (bowing to them,) “confidence is a plant of slow growth.” Those who remember the air of condescending protection with which the bow was made and the look given, when he spoke these words, will recollect how much they themselves at the moment were both delighted and awed, and what they themselves then conceived of the immeasurable superiority of the orator over every human being that surrounded him. In the passages which we have cited, there is nothing which an ordinary speaker might not have said: it was the manner, and the manner only, which produced the effect. . . . This, however, used to escape the observation of the hearers: they were quite blind to Mr. Pitt's manner, and ascribed the whole to what he said; and judging of this by the effect which it produced on them, concluded that what he said was infinitely finer than it really was, or even than any words could be. This was one of the most marvellous qualities of his oratory.

Several striking anecdotes are given in proof of this, which, though they will not be new to most of Mr. Butler's readers, are highly illustrative. We select one which we do not recollect to have seen elsewhere.

' When the Prussian subsidy, an unpopular measure, was in agitation in the house of Commons, lord Chatham, (then Mr. Pitt) justified it with infinite address: insensibly, he subdued all his audience, and a murmur of approbation was heard from every part of the house. Availing himself of the moment, his lordship placed himself in an attitude of stern defiance but perfect dignity, and exclaimed in his loudest tone: "Is there an Austrian among you? Let him stand forward and reveal himself."'

Mr. Butler, however, does not, in the height of his admiration, seem to be aware that the marvellous quality ascribed to Lord Chatham's oratory, is the very circumstance which entitles him to rank above all modern competitors for the palm of eloquence,—the English Demosthenes.* The test of oratory is, its effect. Language is, at best, but an imperfect instrument, and full half of its meaning is derived from the touch and manner of the performer. We arrive at its import, not by translating another man's thoughts, but by sympathy with them; and that sympathy is created less by his words than by the spirit which breathes in them. By manner, no one will understand mere propriety of gesture or elegant action; for action may express power, which is neither strictly proper nor elegant, and it may be perfectly elegant and accomplished, and yet, unimpressive. We mean by manner, the outward expression of the intellectual character, the visible language of mind, the symbolic characters of moral energy. For it is by moral energy that we are conquered and held in subjugation. This, Lord Chatham appears to have possessed in the highest degree; and when it is said, we should have seen this look and have witnessed that air and action,—the power did not lay in the look or gesture, but in the man; we should have seen *him*. But even this is not necessary in order to estimate his character: it is enough to know what he could do,—how he could inflict on the object of his severity, and that object, Lord Mansfield, positive suffering for an hour together, by the mere indirect castigation of a speech covertly alluding to him,—how he could frighten almost out of his senses, a chief justice of Chester who dared enter the lists with him,—how he could strike another member of the same honourable house dumb with a look, change at will the current of feeling from broad mirth to breathless attention and solemnity, and awe the house by his mere tread. And not only could he do this, when he sought to awe or to intimidate; by a playful sally, a stroke of wit or of pathos, he

* Lord Chatham was an accomplished Grecian; he is stated to have translated the speech of Pericles inserted in Smith's *Thucydides*.

would produce effects scarcely less powerful; and one of the most extraordinary instances of his command of the house was, the irresistible effect produced by his taking up the exclamation of Mr. Grenville, 'Where are our means? where is our money?' and turning them into ridicule, as, slowly pacing out of the house, he hummed the first line of a popular song, 'Gentle Shepherd, tell me where.' The man who could do all this, must have been the greatest of modern, and, considering the audience whom he addressed, the greatest of either ancient or modern orators.

There is but one other man of whom, in our own day, equal wonders are recorded, and they were wrought on a very different audience, and by means of a different character; but the eloquence of both was irresistible, and in both, it lay chiefly in the manner. Mr. Butler would start back with horror and loathing at the name—it was Whitfield. But Lord Chatham would have estimated him. Whitfield's Sermons furnish no more an idea of the man, than Chatham's speeches do; but what is incontestably recorded of the power of his oratory on all who were brought within the vortex of his eloquence, proves him to have been as great, or nearly so, in the pulpit, as his Lordship was in the Senate. The fruits of Whitfield's eloquence, though less known to history, will one day appear to have been the more extensive and the more permanent.

What is said of the simplicity of Lord Chatham's diction, and the apparent simplicity of his sentiments, well agrees with the view we have taken of its transcendent character. A speaker may convince, may please, may dazzle without simplicity; but simplicity is an essential attribute of the highest style. It is so in every thing. Grandeur may be rich, ornate, complicate; sublimity is invariably simple. The chorusses of Handel are at once the simplest and the sublimest of musical compositions. What holds good of architecture, of poetry, of music, must needs be true of eloquence. If "proper words in proper places" be a correct definition of a perfect style, clear ideas in simple language, if not a good definition, is a good recipe for a powerful style. This is indeed the raw material of eloquence: all the rest is delivery. But the predicament of the public speaker tends to disturb the current of the ideas, to break the lines and pervert the images which are reflected in it, and to darken the surface of the memory. Hence arises that want of distinctness which disturbs the self-possession of the speaker, betraying itself, if not in hesitation and perplexity, in a certain deficiency of ease, and firmness, and courage, and naturalness, and symmetry in the whole expression of his delivery. It is not enough, therefore, that he is master of his subject; what is chiefly

requisite is, that he shall have the perfect command of himself; and if he has this, he will have little difficulty in acquiring the command of his audience. If a speaker is possessed of this presence of mind, he may command attention, indeed, although he has neither clear ideas nor powerful language. This has been remarkably instanced in the parliamentary oratory of the late Lord Londonderry, in which polished manner, presence of mind, and fluency, not merely supplied the want of distinct ideas, correct diction, and all the higher qualities of eloquence, but gave a certain success and effect to a copious stream of magniloquent nihilism. There is a vast difference between a skilful debater, or even a powerful declaimer, and a great orator, notwithstanding they have some obvious qualities in common. Shrewdness will often talk like wisdom, readiness and dexterity will in many situations do as well as intellectual power, and a certain modest assurance is, perhaps, the most successful mimic of that moral courage which is the attribute of true greatness.

We have somehow brought into juxtaposition, without any invidious intention, the names of two statesmen between whom the disparity is too immense for fair comparison. But having done so, we cannot forbear to remark on the strange mismatch, if we may be allowed the phrase, of the times and the men. With the exception of the American War, Lord Chatham had scarcely an occasion afforded him worthy of his transcendent powers. To Lord Castlereagh it was assigned to assist at a congress of sovereigns, the partitioners of Europe, and for a long period, to be, in a sense, the political antagonist of Bonaparte. There would have been a sphere for the mighty mind of Chatham! There would have been a representative of England, to be brought into contact with the Metternichs, the Hardenbergs, and all the pettifogging statesmen of Europe! There would have been a man for sovereigns to have vailed to! But it was not to be so; and it becomes us submissively to respect the mysteries of Providence.

Lord North was a debater; and the House of Commons never possessed, says our Reminiscent, a more powerful one. No one could avail himself of the strong part of a cause with greater ability, or defend its weak points with greater skill. He was, like the late manager of the House, a perfect gentleman.

'No speaker,' it is said, 'was ever more conciliating, or enjoyed a greater proportion of the love and esteem of the house. Among his political adversaries, he had not a single enemy. With an unwieldy figure and a dull eye, the quickness of his mind seemed in-

tuition. His wit was never surpassed, and it was attended with this singular quality, that it never gave offence.'

We must give, without comment, in a compressed form, our Reminiscent's observations on the illustrious rivals, Fox, Pitt, and Burke.

'It may be said of Mr. Fox, as of Lord North, that he had political adversaries, but no enemy. Goodnature, too easily carried to excess, was one of the distinctive marks of his character. In vehemence and power of argument he resembled Demosthenes; but there, the resemblance ended. He possessed a strain of ridicule and wit, which nature denied to the Athenian, and it was the more powerful as it always appeared to be blended with argument, and identified in a manner with it. The moment of his grandeur was, when,—after he had stated the argument of his adversary with much greater strength than his adversary had done, and with much greater strength than any of his hearers thought possible,—he seized it with the strength of a giant, and tore and trampled on it to destruction. If, at this moment, he had possessed the power of the Athenian over the passions or the imaginations of his hearers, he might have disposed of the house at his pleasure;—but this was denied to him, and, on this account, his speeches fell very short of the effect which, otherwise, they must have produced.

'It is difficult to decide on the comparative merit of him and Mr. Pitt: the latter had not the vehement reasoning or argumentative ridicule of Mr. Fox; but he had more splendour, more imagery, and much more method and discretion. In addition, he had the command of bitter contemptuous sarcasm, which stung to madness. It was prettily said by Mr. Gibbon, "Billy's painted galley will soon sink under Charles's black collier." But never did horoscope prove more false. Mr. Fox said more truly, "Pitt will do for us, if he does not do for himself."

'Mr. Fox had a captivating earnestness of tone and manner; Mr. Pitt was more dignified than earnest: it was an observation of the reporters in the gallery, that it required great exertion to follow Mr. Fox while he was speaking, none to remember what he had said; that it was easy and delightful to follow Mr. Pitt, not so easy to recollect what had delighted them. It may be added, that, in all Mr. Fox's speeches, even when he was most violent, there was an unquestionable indication of good humour, which attracted every heart. Where there was such a seeming equipoise of merit, the two last circumstances might be thought to turn the scale: but Mr. Pitt's undeviating circumspection,—sometimes concealed, but sometimes ostentatiously displayed,—tended to obtain for him from the prudent and the grave, a confidence which they denied to his rival. Besides, Mr. Pitt had no coalition, no India bill to defend. Both orators were verbose; Mr. Fox by his repetitions, Mr. Pitt by his amplifications. Mr. Grattan observed to the Reminiscent, that no one heard Mr. Fox to advantage, who did not hear him before the coalition; or Mr. Pitt, who did not hear him before he quitted office. Each defended himself on these occasions with surprising ability, but each felt

he had done something that required defence:—the talent remained, the mouth still spoke aloud, but the swell of soul was no more. The situation of these eminent men at this time put the Reminiscent in mind of a remark of Bossuet on Fenelon: "Fenelon," he said, "has great talents; much greater than mine; it is his misfortune to have brought himself into a situation in which all his talents are necessary for his defence."

'Greatly inferior to either of these extraordinary men, if we are to judge of him by his speeches as he delivered them, but greatly superior to both, if we are to judge of him by his speeches as he published them,—Edmund Burke will always hold an eminent rank among the most distinguished characters of his country. Estimating him by his written speeches, we shall find nothing comparable to him till we reach the Roman orator. Equal to that great man in dialectic, in imagery, in occasional splendour, and in general information, exceeding him in political wisdom, and the application of history and philosophy to politics; he yields to him in grace and taste, and even in that which was not the forte of Cicero, in discretion. A philosophical review of his speeches and writings, keeping his politics, as his inferior gift, in the background, might serve for the subject of an useful and interesting discussion.

'In familiar conversation, the three great men whom we have mentioned, equally excelled. But even the most intimate friends of Mr. Fox complained of his too frequent ruminating silence. Mr. Pitt talked, and his talk was fascinating. A good judge said of him, that he was the only person he had known, who possessed the talent of condescension. Yet his loftiness never forsook him; still, one might be sooner seduced to take liberties with him, than with Mr. Fox. Mr. Burke's conversation was rambling, but splendid, rich, and instructive beyond comparison.'

Mr. Butler gives an anecdote of Fox, which confirms the idea we have always been led to entertain, that his habits of thinking were practical rather than speculative, and that his gift was intuition rather than profundity. He confessed to the 'Reminiscent,' that he had never read Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, adding: 'There is something in all these subjects which passes my comprehension; something so wide, that I could never embrace them myself or find any one who did.' His great rival would not, probably, have made so frank a confession, but he is suspected to have been not more deeply versed in the science. His bill for the relief of the Poor is stated to have been suggested by an accidental visit to a town in Essex, at that time suffering an extreme degree of depression and wretchedness. He had every assistance in forming and arranging the bill which the experience of others could supply; yet a slight discussion of the measure discovered the impracticability of it in all its parts! The study of political economy, if not

the science, has certainly made considerable progress since that time, and Adam Smith, if not read, is at least cited as an authority with reverence. Yet, some of the leading men of either House, may be suspected of not being much better acquainted with the science, than the great men above referred to: they are men of intuition, not men of study; or men neither gifted with intuition nor addicted to study, but men of business. Lord Lansdown is a brilliant exception among the Peers; Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Brougham, and a few more must be admitted to understand these matters, so far as they possess the tangibility of science, in the Commons' House.

Lord Thurlow, Sheridan, Lord Melville, and Grattan, our Reminiscent thinks, deserve to rank next in eminence to the mighty three. Of Sheridan, he says:

'Strange as it may appear, it nevertheless is true, that common sense and dignity were possessed by him in an extraordinary degree; but they were so counteracted by habitual procrastination and irregularity, that he was scarcely known to possess them. He had very little information; had even little classical learning: but the powers of his mind were very great. He had a happy vein of ridicule. He could, however, rise to the serious and the severe; and then his style of speaking was magnificent; but even in his happiest effusions, he had too much of prettiness. He required great preparation for the display of his talents: hence he was not a debater,—one who attacks and defends on every occasion that calls him forth. It is observable that, of this kind of oratory, antiquity has left us no specimen; and that, in modern Europe, it has not existed out of England. Lord North, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox excelled in it: the first, perhaps, surpassed the two others in this useful—it may, perhaps, be called *most* useful—species of oratory. But, though Mr. Sheridan was no debater, he was sometimes most felicitous in an epigrammatic reply.'

Mr. Butler's estimate of Grattan is pretty nearly the same as we have recently had occasion to express.* 'Nature had denied him,' he remarks, 'many of the most important qualifications of an orator, and his taste was not that of Cicero; but she gave him genius and industry.'—'Nothing,' he adds, 'can shew more strongly than a comparison between Mr. Grattan and his imitators, the vast space which is ever discernible between a man of real genius, philosophy, and business, and a mere artist in language.'

We have dwelt so long on this seductive topic, that we must very slightly advert to the other contents of the volume. There is a great deal about Junius, whom Mr. Butler seems half inclined to identify with Lord George Sackville. But it will not

* Eclectic Review for July. *Art. Grattan's Speeches.*

do. As to Sir Philip Francis, he admits that all external evidence is *for* him, but contends that all internal evidence is *against* him, and, therefore, the argument on each side being, as he imagines, equally strong, the pretension of Sir Philip vanishes! We humbly submit that this is not sound logic. The external evidence is positive; as positive as circumstantial evidence can be: the internal evidence is purely negative, and rests upon opinion. We deny, however, that all internal evidence is against Sir Philip's being Junius. His reports of speeches and his political tracts have been deemed by competent judges corroborative of his claim. It is only begging the question, to argue that Sir Philip Francis did not write the letters of Junius, because he was incompetent to the task. We have on record the opinions of Sir Philip's talents which were entertained by his most illustrious contemporaries, and these justify the belief that he was equal to the performance. Had Burke been known to us only through the newspapers, he would have been thought unequal to it: that he might have been Junius, so far as ability is concerned, appears only from his published writings.

A biographical notice occurs of the Author of the Essay on Contingent Remainders, which we could have wished more extended. Mr. Fearn appears to have been a very extraordinary man. He was a general scholar, profoundly versed in mathematics, chemistry, and mechanics; obtained a patent for dying scarlet, and solicited one for a preparation of porcelain; composed a treatise on the Greek Accents, and another on the Retreat of the Ten Thousand; and was, finally, the author of one of the most profound and useful works that have issued from the legal press in this country.

'A friend of the Reminiscent having communicated to an eminent gunsmith, a project of a musket of greater power and much less size than that in ordinary use, the gunsmith pointed out to him its defects, and observed, that "a Mr. Fearn, an *obscure law-man*" in Breame's Buildings, Chancery lane, had invented a musket which, "although defective, was much nearer to the attainment of the "object."'

This 'obscure law-man,' whose versatility of genius and extensive acquirements we have mentioned above, told Mr. Butler, 'that when he resolved to dedicate himself to the study of the law, he burned his profane library, and wept over its flames; and that the works which he most regretted were the Homilies of St. John Chrysostom to the people of Antioch, and the Comedies of Aristophanes.' This was a costly and magnanimous sacrifice: it wanted only a nobler object to entitle him to rank with the Ephesian confessors of

whom we read in the nineteenth chapter of Acts. But, in the present day, we are almost tempted to question the perfect sanity of a man who could burn a library which he might have exchanged for books indispensable to the legal studies he had resolved to devote himself to.

We have several references to a more extraordinary man than Mr. Fearn—Napoleon. Like all Mr. Butler's notices, they are eulogistic; but it does him credit, that he has ventured to be just to the memory of that great, bad man.

‘The Reminiscent has frequently wished for leisure to compose a regular review of the Code Civil, the master-piece of Bonaparte's legislation, and likely to become the civil code of the whole European continent In the midst of his victories, Bonaparte aspired to legislative fame. The Reminiscent apprehends, that the five codes of law, compiled under the eye of Bonaparte, though in some respects justly objectionable, will always be honourable to his memory. He himself thought so favourably of them, as to express to a friend of the Reminiscent, a wish, that he might descend to posterity with these in his hands. It is greatly to be desired, that some one, properly qualified for the task, would favour the public with a comparative view of their leading principles, and those of the law of England. Unfortunately, such a work can be expected from none but a person who is at once conversant with the principles, the theory, and the practice of the jurisprudence of both countries :—and *Romilly* is no more.

‘The *Discussions sur le Code Civil* shew the manner in which that code was compiled. Bonaparte appears in them to great advantage. The magistrates who assisted at them possessed unquestionably great talents; but Bonaparte frequently enters the lists with them, generally shews himself their equal, at times their superior, and always takes the humane and liberal side. It adds to his honour, that between him and his assessors, no distinction of rank is ever discernible. Pliny could not act with greater ease, or speak with more freedom before Trajan, than the assessors of Bonaparte acted and spoke before him.’

Had we room, we should be tempted to dwell a little on a subject to which the Reminiscent more than once adverts, and which comes more immediately within our sphere; the comparative merits of English and French literature. Mr. Butler seems unwilling to admit that the English are competent judges of the beauties of French poetry. ‘How little’ (he cites an intelligent friend as saying) ‘are we sensible of that indescribable charm of the verses of Racine, of which every Frenchman talks to us with so much rapture!’ Very true; but what scholar is insensible of the indescribable charm of the verses of Horace, though in a dead language, the genuine enunciation of which is lost? The beauties of Racine are, however, we will venture to say, appreciated by many Englishmen, so far as they exist independent of the *rhythm*. For the monotonous march

of the French heroic verse, we profess to have no ear, nor are we able to taste the charm of the alternation of close and open rhymes. Our suspicion that many Frenchmen are in the same predicament, arises from our never having had the good fortune to meet with one who could read French verse well himself, or keep his voice out of an execrable sing-song. We blame no foreigner, however, for not understanding or appreciating the rhythm of Milton, or even of Shakspeare. But their attempts at translation shew that they do not enter into the spirit of the poet. If Fox and Gibbon could really prefer Corneille and Racine to the two great English bards, as they are said to have done, we can only set it down to the strength of their classical prepossessions, producing a morbid and artificial taste, such as the French themselves exhibit in their insipid mimicry of every thing classical. Careless respecting their own national monuments, they are all astonishment at the enthusiasm expressed by the English visiter at the sight of the Gothic abbey or Norman cathedral; they can let these go to decay, and even anticipate the slow work of time to build paltry houses with the still picturesque ruins. Blind to the true sources of beauty, these second-hand Romans cannot admire Nature herself till she has been set off by the curling irons of Art, and stiffened into a classical shape *toute à l'antique*. As to Gibbon, his style is a proof that he had much less taste than affectation; and Fox himself, misled by his passion for classical models into an opposite fault, has shewn in his posthumous fragment, that the man who could shake the senate with the voice of a giant, knew not how to brandish his pen.

Every one admits that 'we have nothing to oppose to the comedies of Molière or the fables of La Fontaine,' to which Mr. Butler adds, the elegant trifles of Chaulieu or Gressét; and this admission shews that we are not wholly incapable of doing justice to the *chef d'œuvres* of their language. Jean Baptiste Rousseau, our Author considers as possessing more of the true poetic character than, perhaps with the exception of Racine, any of his countrymen. The French admire Young, and rank him far above his proper station among English poets; a certain proof of their deficiency, not in the knowledge of our language, but in genuine taste. 'They allow,' says Mr. Butler, 'the superiority of Bacon, Locke, and Sir Isaac Newton, over their own philosophers, and the superiority of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon over their own historians.' This superiority does not, however, as regards the former three, relate to their mere literary excellence as writers. On the other hand, it is remarked by our neighbours, that 'while Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon are to be found in all libraries and many toilets

in every part of the Continent where literature is cultivated, scarcely one English preacher or divine is read out of England.' Is Mr. Butler of opinion, that it is owing to their inferiority to those great pulpit orators, that the works of Taylor, of Barrow, and of South, of Tillotson, of Horsley, and of Robert Hall are unknown or neglected on the Continent? If he does, he is a very singular man; a better Catholic than critic. We admit, however, a total difference of kind between the compositions of the French and the English divines, and we admit a paucity of sermons in our language bearing the finished character, and laying claim to the eloquence of Bossuet, Massillon, or Saurin. This last writer is not named by Mr. Butler: is he unacquainted with him? Our readers may like to have our Reminiscent's comparative estimate of the three great French orators: it is prefaced with a most extravagant laudation of his favourite Bossuet.

'As to Bossuet, erudition, eloquence, and power of argument were united in him in so high a degree, that to discover another person, in whom an equal measure of all these is found, both ancient and modern times might perhaps be ransacked in vain. The sermons of Bossuet place him incontestibly in the first line of preachers; and even leave it open to argument, whether he be not the first in that line. Bourdaloue and Massillon alone can dispute his pre-eminence. Nothing in the sermons of either equals, in splendour or sublimity, a multitude of passages which may be produced from the sermons of Bossuet; and he has little of Massillon's too frequent monotony, or of the cold dialectic which occasionally retards the beautiful march of Bourdaloue. On the other hand, Bossuet has not the continued elegance and grace of Massillon; and an advocate of Bourdaloue might contend, that, if Bourdaloue appear to yield to Bossuet in sublimity, it is only because the sublimity of Bourdaloue is more familiar, and therefore less imposing.'

'It seems to be admitted, that the sermons of Massillon, the tragedies of Euripides and of Racine, the Georgics of Virgil, and Tully's Offices, are the most perfect of human compositions. Those, therefore, who read sermons merely for their literary merit, will generally prefer the sermons of Massillon to those of Bourdaloue and Bossuet. On the other hand, the profound theology of the sermons of Bossuet, and the countless passages in them of true sublimity and exquisite pathos, will lead many to give him a decided preference over both his rivals. But those who read sermons for instruction, and whose chief object, in the perusal of them, is to be excited to virtue or confirmed in her paths, will generally consider Bourdaloue as the first of preachers, and every time they peruse him, will feel new delight. No sermons possess, in so great a degree, the indescribable charm of simplicity; and no composition, sacred or profane, contains any thing which, in grace or effect, exceeds that insensible rise from mere instruction into

eloquence, of which Bourdaloue scarcely has a sermon that does not furnish more than one example. To these must be added, his inestimable talent of conversing with his hearers.'

Robert Hall, in his sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte, presents the nearest approach, perhaps, to the eloquence of Bossuet, of any English writer. He is, we suspect, an admirer, perhaps unconsciously an imitator, of that master of pulpit oratory. In many respects, a similarity might be traced between them. In power of argument, he is more than the Frenchman's equal; in erudition, possibly, not his inferior; his eloquence is often of the same character. All that he wants to render him more than the rival of any pulpit orator that has appeared, is such an audience as should call forth his utmost powers, and a fitting occasion to give scope to them, together with the Frenchman's ambition, and less piety to act as a check upon it in that sacred chair which is degraded by eloquence itself when that eloquence puts on the character of display. Bp. Horsley is a writer of a very different kind. We may adduce, however, his sermon on the faith of the Syrophenician woman, as one of the finest specimens of genuine pathos that can be found in the whole range of pulpit compositions.

There is a good reason why English theologians are not read and appreciated on the Continent, although Mr. Butler chooses to keep it out of sight: they are regarded as heretics. But it would seem that there must be a better reason assignable for the comparative poverty of our theological catalogue in respect of eloquent sermon-writers. Can this arise from our being Protestants? We are inclined to suspect that in part it does. We must explain ourselves. Our readers must have heard of a scurrilous book of Bishop Lavington's, entitled "The Enthusiasm of Papists and of Methodists compared." Falsehood and malignity enough pervade the book, but there is some truth in the title. Papists and Methodists, (by which we mean what the Bishop means, evangelical preachers in general,) have this one thing in common—enthusiasm. They are in earnest; their characters bear the impress of their profession, and their affections take part with their faith. The strong persuasion they have of the truth and the importance of their respective creeds, gives a distinctness to their ideas, and a firmness and boldness to their manner of enunciating them, which require only to be associated with adequate talent to constitute eloquence. And we have not wanted at any time eloquent men among our preachers; but they have been confined to that class of society in which it was inevitable that their eloquence should partake of the rudeness of their education, and be vitiated or lowered in accommodation to the character of their audience. Among

the higher classes, all that might border on eloquence is proscribed under the sweeping name of rant. Nay more, the very material of eloquence is destroyed by the cold, muddy orthodoxy which prides itself on its college-breeding, and its mathematical dimensions as squared by certain formularies,—which deals out its nicely poised dogmas with the timid air of a vender of poison, afraid that this or that article of the compound, faith or morals, should predominate, glorying chiefly in its moderation. And then, these polished preachers, who would sicken at the Quaker whine or the old Cameronian tune, or any twang that smacked of Methodism, have themselves, for the most part, as artificial and marked a tone and cadence as possible: dry, short, and monotonous, it could not be made the vehicle of eloquence.

Mr. Butler cites a specimen from Bourdaloue of what he deems transcendent pulpit eloquence of the familiar kind. We will venture to say that we could produce many exactly similar passages from the writings of the puritanical divines. We have not hitherto mentioned Howe, but it would not be difficult to select from his sermons passages of unrivalled grandeur. Charnock is occasionally very great. Grove is known to have been one of the finest writers of his day: the best Saturday night papers in the *Spectator* were furnished by him. Nor must Watts be forgotten. But we need not go so far back. There is a sermon of Maclaurin's on glorying in the cross of Christ, which is a most splendid piece of pulpit declamation. Robert Robinson, Lavington of Bideford, and many others towards the close of the last century, carried genuine pulpit eloquence to a highly respectable pitch. But these are names, which few, perhaps, of the higher ranks of our own proud hierarchy ever heard of; much less are they likely to have reached the ear of a Roman Catholic. Yet these are the only pulpit orators of England. Protestantism, in stripping the creed of the polite of all superstition, has destroyed that hold which superstition gave it on their feelings; it has swept away delusions which ministered to enthusiasm, and has emancipated the mind at the expense of some portion of its ingenuousness. True religion, pure and undefiled, will not yield to superstition either in its hold on the passions, or in its power of elevating, while it enlightens and sanctifies the mind. But Protestantism separate from true piety, mere orthodoxy unanimated by genuine Christian enthusiasm, is little better than 'a cold negation'; nor can such dry bones live till the Spirit of God has breathed on them.

We wish we could part with Mr. Butler, to whom we are indebted for so much information and entertainment, on perfectly

good terms; but as we were closing his volume, the title of one of his sections arrested our attention, and we cannot let it pass wholly unnoticed; it runs thus: '*Suggestion of a work on the grand Manichean conspiracy.*' We need but give the names of the chief conspirators here associated, to shew the sort of work which Mr. Butler wishes to have written, and to shew too, who, if any Protestant, should be the writer. They are Manes, and his followers, the Paulicians, the *Albigenses*, the Popelicans, the Bogards, the *Lollards*, and the CALVINISTS; all 'equally hostile to church and state.' The authorities to whom the future historian is referred for illumination as to the identity of this extensive conspiracy, are Gibbon, Bossuet, Bayle, Father Person, Basnage, and the History of the Anabaptists or Memnonites given by Dr. Maclaine; all, it must be confessed, most impartial, dispassionate, and religious authorities. And who should the historian be but the Bishop of Winchester?—unless, indeed, Dr. Copleston is disposed to undertake it. We forgot to add, that the Calvinistic 'doctrine of Equality' having been adopted, 'to a limited or unlimited extent,' by the French philosophers, they must also be included in the conspiracy. That of the Jesuits (Mr. Butler's tutor was a Jesuit) sinks into insignificance in comparison with it. Look at its successive heads—Manes, Waldo, Wickliff, Calvin, and the French Encyclopedists. This polycephalous monster must surely be the dragon of the Apocalypse. Could Mr. Butler but prove this, he would indeed deserve to be enrolled in the next edition of his Uncle's Lives of the Saints; he could scarcely escape the honour of being canonized.

To be serious, Mr. Butler is, we are persuaded, too upright a man to be guilty of wilful misrepresentation, as well as too amiable to be capable of malignant intention. But he has, in this instance, suffered his educational prejudices to betray him into the adoption of a calumny, which could have originated only in the spirit of inveterate malignity. It is an hypothesis contradicted at every step by facts, and not less at war with common sense than with history. Mr. Butler knows, for he is a learned man, that Bayle's attempt to '*resuscitate*' the followers of Manes was exposed by Leibnitz. The 'shrewdness' of his infidel objections struck at the root of all religion, at Revelation itself. 'Selon lui,' says Leibnitz, '*les orthodoxes semblent admettre deux premiers Principes, en faisant le Diable auteur du péché.*' Which gross misrepresentation is met with the admirable remark: 'Quant à la cause du mal, il est vrai que le Diable est l'auteur du péché: mais l'origine du péché vient de plus loin; sa source est dans l'imperfection originale des créatures: cela les rend capables de pecher, et il y a des cir-

'constances dans la suite des choses qui font que cette puissance est mise en acte.' If this be Manichean doctrine, we will profess ourselves of that sect. But unless Mr. Butler disbelieves in the personality of the Devil, he will possibly find, that he is as much concerned in the charge of Bayle as the Calvinists. As to the Albigenes and the Lollards, we will not occupy the time of our readers by shewing the falsehood of the charge, both as respects their theological and their political sentiments. Mr. Lingard has disgraced himself by making his *History* the vehicle of a shameless attack upon the memory of one of the greatest men whom England ever produced, John Wicklif: * we are sorry to find Mr. Butler treading in his footsteps. These gentlemen have a right to hold their opinions; but when, in contempt of accredited documents, they cite the rancorous misstatements of profligate monks as *data* for a fair opinion of the tenets of their obnoxious adversary, or, as in the present instance, make the insidious representations of the infidel, levelled at Christianity itself, a pretence for imputing fictitious doctrines to their opponents, in such a case they only betray the intolerance which would seem to be inseparable from the Romish Creed, even as held by the most liberal of its votaries. We pardon the individual, but it is in consideration, and at the expense of the Church from which he has drunk in this spirit with his mental nourishment. Mr. Butler will not thank us for making such an excuse for him;—we cannot help it. We would fain have parted with our *Reminiscent* without a word about theology; for, on that point, it was inevitable that we should clash. But he has our hearty good-will and esteem, and our thanks for his volume, notwithstanding, value them as he may. Bishop Tomline and his orthodox clergy will deem that little sly bit of malignity about the Calvinists the best thing in the book. We expect to see it quoted in the next edition of the "*Refutation*."

Art. VI. 1. *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a dramatic Poem; the Mermaid of Galloway; the Legend of Richard Faulder; and twenty Scottish Songs. By Allan Cunningham. Foolscep 8vo. pp. 210. Price 7s. London. 1822.

2. *Halidon Hill*; a dramatic Sketch from Scottish History. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 8vo. pp. 110. Price 6s. Edinburgh. 1822.

WE have high authority for classing together these two productions. The Author of the "*Fortunes of Nigel*" ad-

* See *Eclectic Review*, N.S. July, 1821.

mits, in his prefatory parley with Captain Clutterbuck, that his friend Allan has produced just such a poem as he might himself have written on a very sunny day. This, Mr. Cunningham will think next to receiving a compliment from Sir Walter himself; and, in truth, he deserves it. For if there is more of the heroic spirit, more historic verity, more of the living drama, in *Halidon Hill*, there is the very sunshine of poetry in *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*. It is one of those wild, faulty, captivating productions, which bearing upon them the redeeming marks of original genius, seem to set the critic at defiance. We know not whether we shall succeed in the attempt to reduce it into the shape of an 'argument.' We forewarn our readers, that, to enter into the spirit of the poem, they must themselves be poets in feeling, and they must read it for themselves, and it should be read by the light of a very sunny day. Or perhaps, a winter's fire, when it is waxing near upon midnight, will suit this tale of 'murder and merrymaking,' warriors, maidens, and spirits, to the full as well.

Sir Marmaduke is no more the hero of the poem, than *Macduff* is that of *Macbeth*. But this does not matter: he is a hero nevertheless, and of noble blood. His father, Lord Walter Maxwell of *Caerlaverock*, has inconsiderately got married, and provided himself with a son and heir, without consulting a near and dear relative of his, one *Halbert Comyne*, who calculated, we know not why, on succeeding to his Cousin's estates. This gallant and fiery round-head, for such he proves to be, one of *Cromwell's* men, comes home from the wars, after an absence of several years, and, sorely displeased and disconcerted at finding a wife and a son in the way of his succession to the *Nithsdale* principedom, has recourse to a bold stroke for a lordship, which in days of yore was too often acted. He has Lord Maxwell speedily assassinated, and his lady and her son are meant to be launched in a leaky boat, but are rescued by some outlawed Royalists, who chance to be hovering on the coast of *Galloway* at the moment. All the assassins are met with and slain, so that *Comyne* remains in the Castle rather fidgetty at not hearing how the plot has succeeded in all its parts. He takes quiet possession, however, of his kinsman's effects, and very speedily receives an express from London, appointing him Lord Warden of the *Marches* in the name of the new Protector, *Richard Cromwell*. These events, with their accessories and under-plots, occupy four acts. In the fifth, there is an immense bustle of captains, soldiers, spirits, &c. passing on and off in rapid succession, which ends in *Halbert Comyne's* being met with by *Sir Marmaduke*, and, with

the help of Lord Maxwell's spirit, served as Macbeth was before him.

Now these materials, in the hand of a common play-wright or rhymester, would, it is obvious, go a very little way towards furnishing either an original or an interesting poem. There is little or no plot; the tale has been told, with variations, a thousand times; the characters are not over new or very strongly marked; there are improbabilities and impossibilities in the minor circumstances; and yet, out of these common-place materials, Mr. Cunningham has contrived to frame a very pleasing and spirited poem,—shewing that it is not the herbs and muck of the cauldron, but the incantation which works the spell: the charm is in the brewing. Halbert Comyne will introduce himself to our readers in the following soliloquy.

‘ ’Tis said there is an hour i’ the darkness when
Man’s brain is wondrous fertile, if nought holy
Mix with his musings. Now, whilst seeking this,
I’ve worn some hours away, yet my brain’s dull,
As if a thing call’d grace stuck to my heart,
And sicken’d resolution. Is my soul tamed
And baby-rid wi’ the thought that flood or field
Can render back, to scare men and the moon,
The airy shapes of the corpses they enwomb?
And what if ’tis so? Shall I lose the crown
Of my most golden hope, because its circle
Is haunted by a shadow? Shall I go wear
Five summers of fair looks,—sigh shreds of psalms,—
Pray i’ the desert till I fright the fox,—
Gaze on the cold moon and the cluster’d stars,
And quote some old man’s saws ’bout crowns above,—
Watch with wet eyes at death-beds, dandle the child,
And cut the elder whistles of him who knocks
Red earth from clouted shoon. Thus may I buy
Scant praise from tardy lips; and when I die,
Some ancient hind will scratch, to scare the owl,
A death’s head on my grave-stone. If I live so,
May the spectres dog my heels of those I slew
I’ the gulph of battle; wise men cease their faith
In the sun’s rising; soldiers no more trust
The truth of temper’d steel. I never loved him.—
He topt me as a tree that kept the dew
And balmy south wind from me: fair maids smiled;
Glad minstrels sung; and he went lauded forth,
Like a thing dropt from the stars. At every step
Stoop’d hoary heads unbonneted; white caps
Hung i’ the air; there was clapping of hard palms,
And shouting of the dames. All this to him
Was as the dropping honey; but to me

'Twas as the bitter gourd. Thus did I hang,
 As his robe's tassel, kissing the dust, and flung
 Behind him for boy's shouts,—for cotman's dogs
 To bay and bark at. Now from a far land,
 From fields of blood, and extreme peril I come,
 Like an eagle to his rock, who finds his nest
 Fill'd with an owlet's young.'

pp. 29, 30.

Hubert Dougan and Neal are two of his followers. They have dug a grave in the greenwood, in a spot unvisited by the moonshine:—

' the sun
 May look from the mid heaven and find it not.'

And now they enter with the body of the murdered nobleman, watched by Macgee and Graeme, who have fallen by accident on the spot.

' *Neal*. Hist! hear'st thou nought? or was't the dead man's
 hand
 That shook the hazel bough? 'Tis a dreary place.
 " Yestreen I saw the new moon
 Wi' the dead moon in her arm." (Chaunts.)

O for one drop of most unrighteous brandy!
 I'm all as cold 's a corse.

' *Dougan*. I wish thou wert one.
 Can'st thou not rather sigh some scrap of prayer?
 Thou'lt waken all the ravens. Some sad hind,
 Whose lass a pedlar from his arms seduced
 With a remnant of red ribbon, here perchance
 Talks to the owl.

' *Neal*. Prayer! I can mind no prayer,
 Not even a shred, though I were doom'd for lack
 To slumber with my back-load.—Curse thy haste;
 I've spilt a mouthful of the rarest spirit
 E'er charm'd the toothache.

" One night our captain he did dream
 There came a voice, which said to him,
 Prepare you and your companie;
 To-morrow night you must lodge with me." (Chaunts.)

' *Dougan*. The den we dug for thy sweet back-load is
 Grown solid ground again. I thought 'twas here,
 Under this blasted pine. Come, soft, man, soft!
 Confound these honeysuckle twigs, they hang
 Their tendrils in one's teeth.

' *Neal*. " One moon-light night as I sat high,
 I look'd for one, but two came by; (Chaunts.)

The tree did tremble, and I did quake
To see the hole these two did make."

He's living, Hubert, he's living! his right hand
Has given me a staggerer i' th' teeth. Curse on
Hab Comyne's fears; we might have denn'd him deep
I' the marble floor, beyond a sleuth-hound's scent,
Or cast him in the deep and silent sea.

' *Macgee. (Aside.)* These are two fiends who haunt the
saintly steps.
Of covenanting Comyne. They work his will
When he but moves his finger.

' *Graeme.* They've brought work
Of murder's shaping: stay, let us list all,
And eke their broken utterings together;
And run the track of murder's foot till 't reach
The threshold o' the plotter.

' *Neal.* Hubert, I hear
Men's tongues—nay, stay, 'tis but a mouse i' the grass;
And yet mine ear shaped it like human speech.

' *Dougan.* And what o' that? a mouse may chirp like a
man;
A dead lord's hand lives when the green bough waves it.
Fear is a bogglish follower. Here's the grave;
Measure it, lord; feel if it's cut to fit thee.
Hab Comyne swore thou wert but a sad lord,
And a most sorry beadsman. From his hands
Thou hadst a passage to heaven, bloody and brief.
And yet thou braved us nobly. When thou saw
The rude steel near thee, I see yet thine eye
Lighten as thou smote the foremost. Oh thy look,
As thy shrieking lady saw thee; it might make
The stars burn down from heaven, and the clear moon
Descend from the sky, that men might see to hunt
Us to destruction.

' *Neal.* Thou wilt preach about it,
Uttering fine words and sayings, sugar smooth,
Till the wild birds will learn to sing the tale;
The stupid owl to whoop it in day-light;
And the chased hart will couch upon the grave,
That men may find out murder.' pp. 44—6.

As a relief to these scenes of blood and sulphur, we shall
introduce our readers to Mary Douglas of Cumlongan, and
May Morison her merry maid.

' *Mary Douglas.* Come hither, maiden; dost thou know a tree,
A high green tree, upon whose leafy top
The birds do build in spring? This tree doth grow
By the clear fountain, on whose virgin breast

The water lily lies. There the pale youth,
Sick in his summer beauty, stoops and drinks :
Grave matrons say, the waters have strange virtues,
Which this green tree drinks through his veins, and wide
To the joyous air he spreads his balsam'd bough.
Thou know'st it not.

‘ *May Morison.* Lady, I know it rarely ;
Far up the straight stem of this lovely tree
The honeysuckle climbs, and from its boughs
Flings down its clusters, till the blossoms wreath
The passers’ foreheads. ’Tis the self-same tree
True lovers swear by. I have three of its leaves
Sew’d i’ the hem o’ my kirtle. ’Neath its bough
Thou left’st thy snood, to greet Lord Walter Maxwell,
When his fair son off-cap’d thee like a goddess.

' *Mary Douglas*. Cease, cease, thou know'st it ; now be
swift, and haste
Unto this tree. Fly like a bird that leaves
No stamp of its wing upon the yielding air ;
Its centre stem shoots as 't would say, Ye stars,
I'll stop when I'm among you.—See if this
Be shorn in twain by fire ; and if two names,
Carved curious i' the bark, are razed out
By the lightning's fiery bolt.

* *May Morison.* Lady, I'll go,
And come as the Scripture-dove did, when she bore
Tidings of happy sort.

(Exit.)

' *Mary Douglas.* Can there be truth
In the dreams of night ? To the airy semblances
Of possible things can I glew on belief
Firm as my creed ? for the night visions oft
Take their complexion from our troubled thoughts.
And yet wise ones have said, to favour'd men
The future woes are vision'd forth and shaped
By heavenly hand and gentle. Thus sad things
Come softly on the mind, as the dove's down
Drops on the tender grass. Though my mind's not
Hoodwink'd with rustic marvels, I do think
There are more things i' the grove, the air, the flood,
Yea, and the charnel'd earth, than what wise man,
Who walks so proud as if his form alone
Fill'd the wide temple of the universe,
Will let a frail maid say. I'd write i' the creed
Of the hoariest man alive, that fearful forms,
Holy or reprobate, do page men's heels ;
That shapes too horrid for our gaze stand o'er
The murder'd dust, and for revenge glare up,
Until the stars weep fire for very pity.
If it be so, then this sad dream, that shook

My limbs last night, and made my tresses creep
As crested adders, is a warning tongue,
Whose words deep woes will follow.

• Re-enter MAY MORISON.

' *May Morison.* Harken, lady :
On the tree top two cushat doves are cooing ;
At its green foot two wanton hares are sporting ;
A swarm of brown bees cluster on its stem,
And loud 's their swarming song. No leaf is touch'd.
The tree looks green and lovely.' pp. 58—60.

The following scene is in a different style. Lady Maxwell, who is in disguise, is by one of the shepherds mistaken for a witch. She is on her way to one Mabel Moran, of whom more anon.

' *Second Shepherd.* Here is the fair form
Come from the east too—wait on her yeresell;
I'm but the new-come shepherd, and shall e'en
Climb Criffel like a deer.

' *First Shepherd.* Gomeral and gowk !
Run, and she'll turn thee to a fox, and turn
Herself into a hound, and hunt ye round
From Burnswark to Barnhourie. Gracious me,
She's cross'd the salt sea in a cockle shell,
A cast off slipper, or flown o'er the foam
O' the Solway, like a sheldrake.

' Lady Maxwell. Youth, return;
I know one of these shepherds well; he'll lead me
To where the good dame lives. Take thou this token
To my fair son. It was his father's gift
Upon our bridal day. Say that I spake not,
But press'd it to my breast, as I do now,
And rain'd it o'er with tears.

(Exit Page.)

'*First Shepherd.* This is a dame
From the Caerlaverock side, far kenn'd and noted;
She sits by Solway, and says "e'en be't sae;"
And straight the waters roar, and duck the ships
Like waterfowl. 'Faith, we must speak her fair.

'*Sec. Shep.* O! soft and fair; O! Saunders, soft and fair.
Who would take that sweet lady for a dame
That deals with devils? Sin has a lovely look.

' *First Shep. (To Lady Maxwell.)* This is a bonnie morn-
ing, but the dew
Lies thick and cold; and there are kindlier things
To gaze on than the deep green sea. So come
With me—even Saunders Wilson, of Witchk ^o we,
For I love Mabel like mine own heart's blood;

Love her and all her cummers. Come and taste
The warm and kindly heart of corn and milk,
Which we poor hinds call porridge.

' *Second Shepherd.* Bide ye there !
Ye might come home with me ; but three o' my cows
Last week were elf-shot, and we've placed witch-tree
Above our lintel, and my Elspa's famed
For a looser o' witch-knots—one that can stay
Shrewd dames from casting cantraips. So belike,
Douce dame, ye would nae venture to my home,
And I can scarce advise ye.

' *Lady Maxwell.* Willie Macbirn,
Thou art a kind and honest-hearted man :
I know who supper'd on thy curds and cream
Without thy invitation. They are nigh
Who scorn'd thy hollow stones and rowan wands,
And, in thy cow-house, drain'd thy seven cows dry,
And 'neath the cold moon's eastern horn who coost
A spell as thou camest screaming to the world,
To mark what death thou'lt dree. Dost thou hear that ?
Now shall I rid me of this babbling peasant. (*Aside.*)

' *Sec. Shep.* I hope—oh ! cannie, kind, and fearful woman,
I hope ye joke. A stone of good fat cheese,
A ham whose fat will gleam to the rannel tree,
I vow but I will send you. Death I'll dree !
My conscience ! kimmer, I should like to ken.

' *Lady M.* Avoid the salt sea, and a bottomless boat.

' *Second Shepherd.* O ! Saunders Wilson o' Witchknowe,
D'ye hear her ? I ne'er dreed such things before.

' *Lady Maxwell.* Dread growing hemp ; but dread it twisted
more.

' *Second Shepherd.* Hemp growing and twisted ! diel maun I
dread that.

I have been walking now these seven long years
On a bottomless pool, on ice a sixpence thick.

' *Lady Maxwell.* But, chief beware—what sort of soul art
thou ?

Had I an errand on the wide salt sea,
Couldst thou walk on the water ?

' *Second Shepherd.* Walk on the water !
Were I five ell of wind, or a willie wagtail,
Then might I swim like a sheldrake on the deep :
I'll walk on 't when it's paved with solid ice,
Or when the stone is bent from bank to bank,
Or when the cunning house of crooked timber,

Which men do call a boat, floats in the foam ;
But I'm no spirit, or brownie, goblin, or wraith,
Nor will-o'-wisp—a deil would do 't discreetly ;
I am a sinful tender of sheep, good dame—

' *Lady M.* Meet me at midnight, when the risen moon
Sits on yon hill. I'll teach thy leaden feet
To tread o'er curled billows. Now, begone.

' *Sec. Shep.* Tread on the curled billows ! horrid be 't !
And amble stride-legs 'tween the foul fiend's horns !
These are sad pranks for Jenny Jink's goodman. (*Exit.*)

' *Lady Maxwell.* Shepherd, thou seem'st to know me. I am
one—
Be wise, and cease to know me ; for my name
May bring thee pain and peril.

' *First Shepherd.* Noble lady,
I am but a poor man ; yet hair of thy head
I'll not see harm'd : some fearful woe, some grief
Fit to make dull eyes weep, hath turn'd thee thus.
O ! there are awful changes in this world !
But I ask nought ; and I can be as mute
As that grey stone ; and I can draw too, lady,
For thy sake, a sharp sword. Here comes the dame,
Even reverend Mabel. Heaven be thy shield.' (*Excunt.*)
pp. 72—75.

What sort of a personage Mabel Moran is, may be learned
from the following scene, which takes place in a wild cave, of
course. Mabel is speaking to Lady Maxwell.

' Now, nerve your heart,
And fill that bosom, where thy babe has suck'd,
With courage that quails never. Thou canst do 't.
Hear'st thou the rush of horses ? Hark ! he comes,
And you must look upon your direst foe.
Fear not—fear not ; there is a hand, to which
A murderer's arm is rushes, guards thee, lady.
He comes to prove me, and to spurn me. Give
To me that garment ; I must hem 't—it will
To-night be wanted, though the corse be quick
That 's doom'd this shroud to fill. 'Tis a fair sark.—
Now, lady, swathe thy silken robe around thee ;
Hide here, and heed my song.

' THE SONG OF DOOM.

' *MABEL sings.* Enter HALBERT COMYNE and SERVANT.

' When the howlet has whoop'd three times i' the wood,
At the wan moon sinking behind the cloud ;
When the stars have crept in the wintry drift,
Lest spells should pyke them out o' the lift ;
When the hail and the whirlwind walk abroad,
Then comes the steed with its unblest'd load.

Alight—alight—and bow and come in,
For the sheet is shaping to wind thee in.

‘ *Comyne.* This lame hag whoops an ominous song—
hush ! hush !
For she doth sing again.

‘ *Song continued.*

‘ When didst thou measure ’t, thou hoary heck ?
When the sea-waves climb’d thy splintering deck,
When hell for thee yawn’d grim and yare,
And the fiends stood smiling on thy despair ;
And I proved my measure, and found it good,
When thy right hand reek’d with noble blood.
Alight—alight—and bow and come in,
For the sheet is shaping to wind thee in.

‘ *Comyne.* Where didst thou learn this song, thou hag ?
What shroud
Do thy long, sharp, and shrivelled fingers sew ?

‘ *Song continued.*

‘ The heart is whole that maun mense this sark,
And I have been tax’d with a thankless dark ;
Fast maun I sew by the gleam of the moon,
For my work will be wanted, ’ere it be done ;
But helms shall be cloven, and life’s blood spilt,
And bright swords crimson’d frae point to hilt.
So say thine errand, thou man of sin ;
For the shroud is sewing to wind thee in.

‘ *Com.* Beware ! lest one stroke of this good sharp sword
Should mar thy skill in shroud-sewing—beware !
Why dost thou bend those sooty brows on me,
And measure me o’er thus ?

‘ *Song continued.*

‘ Thy right hand shall lose its cunning, my lord ;
And blood shall no more dye the point of thy sword ;
The raven is ready and singing hoarse,
To dart with a croak on thy comely corse ;
And looks all hollow mine eyes must give
On him who has got but some hours to live :
So say thine errand, thou man of sin ;
The shroud is sewing to wind thee in.

‘ *Comyne.* Name me the man of whom thou warblest thus.
Beldame, dost thou mean me ?

‘ *Song continued.*

‘ I name not his name, let him think on my strain ;
There ’s a curse on them that shall name him again.

I mean the man—even he who gave
 A noble corse to a midnight grave;
 I mean the man—name THOU his name,
 Who drown'd a sweet youth, and a comely dame.
 So say thine errand, thou man of sin;
 For the shroud is sewing to wind thee in.

' *Comyne.* There seems a dooms-note sounding in this song!
 Old dame, who taught the these wild words, and gave
 Thee this cursed shroud to sew?

' *Song continued.*

' I learn'd my skill from those who will sever
 Thy soul from grace, for ever and ever;
 The moon has to shine but a stricken hour,
 And I maun work while the spell has power.
 They are nigh who gave me this dark to do,
 This shroud to shape, and this shroud to sew;
 They are nigh who taught this song to me.
 Look north, look south; say, what dost thou see.

' *Comyne.* From me wild words alone no credence gain,
 And I see nothing, save this dreary cave,
 And thine accursed self.

' *Song continued.*

' To the heaven above—down to the earth dark,
 Now look and tell me what dost thou mark.——
 Appear, from the deep and darksome wave;
 Appear, from the dark and the dreary grave;
 Appear! from your presence the sinful shall soon
 Pass away, as yon cloud passes now from the moon.
 The time is come now, else it never shall be.
 Look east, and look west; say, what dost thou see?

' *Comyne.* Come, come, thou dotard beldame—thy strange
 words
 Dismay me not—things visible and felt——

(*Sees Lady Maxwell.*)

—— what form is this? does fancy
 Hoodwink my reason with a dreamer's marvel?
 Art thou a figure painted out of air?
 Pale and majestic form, I've sinn'd against thee,
 Beyond repentance' power. Is there another?

(*Sees the spirit of Lord Maxwell.*)

What terrible shape is that? Art thou a thing
 Permitted thus to blast my sight—or but
 The horrible fashioning of the guilty eye?
 This bears the stamp of flesh and blood—but thou,
 Thou undefined and fearful, thou dost make
 A baby's heart-strings of my martial nerves;
 I'll look on thee no longer—mine eyes ache

As if they gazed upon a fiery furnace.
Give me some drink, Macubin.

' *Servant*. Oh! my lord,
What moves you thus?

' *Comyne*. Dost thou see nought, Macubin?
Nought that doth make your firm knees knock like mine,
And make your heart against your bosom leap,
And make you think upon the blood you've spilt,
And make you think on heaven's eternal wrath?

' *Servant*. I see this old dame, and thine honour'd self;
What should I see, my lord?

' *Comyne*. O! nothing—shadows:
Such as the eye shapes to alarm the heart.
Nay, nothing—nothing. Ancient dame, I've been
Ungentle in my speech; I've wrong'd thee much.
I will repair the folly of this hour
With a fair cot and garden—they are gone—
Perchance were never here, for the eye works
Unto the timid thought, and the thought paints
Forms from the mire of conscience, will-o' wisps
To dazzle sober reason.' pp. 102—6.

This last extract will let some of our readers into the secret, that Allan's forte is the lyrical rather than the dramatic. But, before we speak of the positive proofs he has given of his talents in the former style, we must bid him fall back for the Author of *Halidon Hill* to shew himself. The dramatic sketch which he has here presented to us, is designed to illustrate military antiquities and the manners of chivalry,—a very grave and good reason for writing it; and so, Miss Baillie's plays were designed to illustrate the Passions. But this dignified and philosophical purpose, the reader cares nought about; and tried by its success in accomplishing any such design, the merit of the play would be but small. Sir Walter adds:

' The Drama (if it can be termed one) is in no particular either designed or calculated for the stage, so that, in case any attempt shall be made to produce it in action, (as has happened in similar cases,) the Author takes the present opportunity to intimate, that it shall be solely at the peril of those who make such an experiment.'

Certainly this drama is not calculated for the stage, for it is free from both ribaldry and rant; and when did ever play succeed on an English stage without these? We cannot conceive of a greater degradation of a genuine poet, than writing for the stage. Shakspeare was degraded, and his works have been infinitely deteriorated by his writing with this view; but he wrote for bread. Sir Walter Scott shews his good taste in disclaiming any such intention; and we question whether even

his great name, aided by all the scene-painter's art, and dress-maker's skill, with real armour from Marriott's, and genuine old English cross-bows, would procure it a week's run. But, drama or no drama, in the technical sense, it is a poem, and a beautiful one, worthy of the Author of *Marmion*. Nothing can be more simple in its construction. It is divided into two acts. The scene throughout is the same—different parts of the field of action, Halidon Hill. The whole interest arises from the characters of Sir Alan Swinton and young Adam Gordon, between whose houses there has existed a deadly feud, which had swept off the four sons of the aged Knight, and left the Gordon fatherless. Swinton and Gordon, who is unacquainted with the person of his father's murderer, meet for the first time on the eve of the battle; when the young chief is with difficulty restrained from drawing his sword on the enemy of his house, on discovering his name. But his vindictive feelings gradually give way before those of the patriot; and won to the admiration of Swinton's noble character, he proffers his forgiveness, and kneels to him for knighthood. They perish together in the onset, being basely deserted by the main body of the Scottish army under the Regent Douglas, from motives of pique and jealousy. The bickerings of the Scottish chiefs, and a brief scene or two in which King Edward is introduced, fill up the interstices. It is a touching tale, and abounds with passages of genuine pathos; yet, strange to say, there is scarcely a word about love, and though there is mischief enough, there is not a woman in the story. The poem opens well. The business of the piece is introduced by a dialogue between De Vipont, a Knight Templar, and the Prior of Maison Dieu. De Vipont notices the youthful and unpractised appearance of the Scottish barons.

' Ill fate, that we should lack the noble King
And all his champions now ! 'Time called them not,
For when I parted hence for Palestine,
The brows of most were free from grizzled hair.

' *Prior*. Too true, alas ! But well you know, in Scotland,
Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet ;
'Tis cowls like mine which hide them. 'Mongst the laity,
War's the rash reaper, who thrusts in his sickle
Before the grain is white. In threescore years
And ten, which I have seen, I have outlived
Well nigh two generations of our nobles.
The race which holds yon summit is the third,'

De Vipont is the friend of both the Swinton and the Gordon. He finds the thousand followers of his aged friend, shrunk, in twelve years' space, to sixty lances.

——— And thy brave sons, Sir Alan,
Alas! I fear to ask.

* *Swinton*. All slain, De Vipont. In my empty home
A puny babe lisps to a widow'd mother,
"Where is my grandsire? wherefore do you weep?"
But for that prattler, Lvlulph's house is heirless.
I'm an old oak, from which the foresters
Have hew'd four goodly boughs, and left beside me
Only a sapling, which the fawn may crush
As he springs over it.

* *Vipont*. All slain—alas!

* *Swinton*. Ay, all, De Vipont. And their attributes,
John with the Long Spear—Archibald with the Axe—
Richard the Ready—and my youngest darling,
My Fair-haired William—do but now survive
In measures which the grey-haired minstrels sing,
When they make maidens weep.

* *Vipont*. These wars with England, they have rooted out
The flowers of Christendom. Knights, who might win
The sepulchre of Christ from the rude heathen,
Fall in unholy warfare!

* *Swinton*. Unholy warfare? ay, well hast thou named it;
But not with England. Would her cloth-yard shaft
Had bored their cuirasses! Their lives had been
Lost, like their grandsire's, in the bold defence
Of their dear country. But in private feud
With the proud Gordon, fell my Long-spear'd John,
He with the Axe, and he men called the Ready,
Ay, and my Fair-hair'd Will—the Gordon's wrath
Devoured my gallant issue.

* *Vipont*. Since thou dost weep, their death is unavenged.

* *Swinton*. Templar, what think'st thou me? See yonder rock,
From which the fountain gushes—is it less
Compact of adamant, though waters flow from it?
Firm hearts have moister eyes. They *are* avenged;
I wept not till they were—till the proud Gordon
Had with his life blood dyed my father's sword,
In guerdon that he thinn'd my father's lineage,
And then I wept my sons; and, as the Gordon
Lay at my feet, there was a tear for him,
Which mingled with the rest. We had been friends,
Had shared the banquet and the chase together,
Fought side my side,—and our first cause of strife,
Woe to the pride of both, was but a light one.

* *Vipont*. You are at feud, then, with the mighty Gordon?

* *Swinton*. At deadly feud. Here in this Border-land,
Where the sire's quarrels descend upon the son
As due a part of his inheritance

As the strong castle and the ancient blazon,—
Where private vengeance holds the scales of justice,
Weighing each drop of blood as scrupulously,
As Jews or Lombards balance silver pence,—
Not in this land, 'twixt Solway and Saint Abb's,
Rages a bitterer feud than mine and theirs,
The Swinton and the Gordon,

The conflict of feelings in young Gordon's breast, after the first burst of passion had subsided, is finely imagined.

'What band is yonder;
Arranged as closely as the English discipline
Had marshalled their best files?

'*Vipont.* Know'st thou not the pennon?
One day, perhaps, thou'lt see it all too closely.
It is Sir Alan Swinton's.

'*Gordon.* These, then, are his,—the relics of his power;
Yet worth an host of ordinary men.
And I must slay my country's sagest leader,
And crush by numbers that determined handful,
When most my country needs their practised aid,
Or men will say, "There goes degenerate Gordon;
" His father's blood is on the Swinton's sword,
" And his is in the scabbard!"

We confess we do not much admire the undignified talk put into the mouths of King Edward, Chandos, and the Abbot of Walthamstow. We should have thought that the Author could have drawn from Froissart materials for a far more spirited and illustrative scene: it has the grossness without the point of humour, and is far too *sketchy* and unfinished.

In the next scene, Swinton, Gordon, and de Vipont enter, as victorious over the English vanguard.

'*Swinton.* De Vipont, thou look'st sad.

'*Vipont.* It is because I hold a Templar's sword
Wet to the crossed hilt with Christian blood.

'*Swinton.* The blood of English archers—what can gild
A Scottish blade more bravely?

'*Vipont.* E'en therefore grieve I for those gallant yeomen,
England's peculiar and appropriate sons,
Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth
And field as free as the best lord his barony,
Owing subjection to no human vassalage
Save to their king and law. Hence are they resolute,
Leading the van on every day of battle,
As men who know the blessings they defend.
Hence are they frank and generous in peace,
As men who have their portion in its plenty.

No other kingdom shews such worth and happiness,
Veil'd in such low estate—therefore I mourn them.

- ' *Swinton*. I'll keep my sorrow for our native Scots,
Who, spite of hardship, poverty, oppression,
Still follow to the field their Chieftain's banner,
And die in the defence on't.
- ' *Gordon*. And if I live to see my halls again,
They shall have portion in the good they fight for.
Each hardy follower shall have his field,
His household hearth and sod-built home, as free
As ever Southron had. They shall be happy!—
And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it!—'

Overpowered by the main body of the English, the aged
chief and the young hero re-enter, both mortally wounded.

- ' *Swinton*. All are cut down—the reapers have pass'd o'er us,
And hie to distant harvest. My toil's over;
There lies my sickle. (*dropping his sword*) Hand of mine
again
Shall never, never wield it!
- ' *Gordon*. O valiant leader, is thy light extinguished!
That only beacon-flame which promised safety
In this day's deadly wrack!
- ' *Swinton*. My lamp hath long been dim. But thine, young Gordon,
Just kindled, to be quenched so suddenly,
Ere Scotland saw its splendour!
- ' *Gordon*. Five thousand horse hung idly on yon hill,
Saw us o'erpowered, and no one stirred to aid us!
- ' *Swinton*. It was the Regent's envy—Out! Alas!
Why blame I him?—It was our civil discord,
Our selfish vanity, our jealous hatred,
Which framed this day of dole for our poor country.
Had thy brave father held yon leading staff,
As well his rank and valour might have claimed it,
We had not fallen unaided. How, O how
Is he to answer for it whose deed prevented?
- ' *Gordon*. Alas! alas! the author of the death-feud,
He has his reckoning too! for had your sons
And numerous vassals lived, we had lacked no aid.
- ' *Swinton*. May God assoil the dead, and him who follows!
We've drank the poisoned beverage which we brewed;
Have sown the wind, and reaped the tenfold whirlwind!—
But thou, brave youth, whose nobleness of heart
Poured oil upon the wounds our hate inflicted,—
Thou, who hast done no wrong, need'st no forgiveness,
Why should'st thou share our punishment!

- * *Gordon*. All need forgiveness.—Hark ! in yonder shout
Did the main battles counter !
- * *Swinton*. Look on the field, brave Gordon, if thou can'st,
And tell me how the day goes. But I guess,
Too surely do I guess.
- * *Gordon*. All's lost ! All's lost ! Of the main Scottish host,
Some wildly fly, and some rush wildly forward ;
And some there are, who seem to turn their spears
Against their countrymen.
- * *Swinton*. Rashness, and cowardice, and secret treason
Combine to ruin us ; and our hot valour,
Devoid of discipline, is madmen's strength,
More fatal unto friends than enemies !
I'm glad that these dim eyes shall see no more on't.—
Let thy hand close them, Gordon—I will think
My fair-hair'd William renders me that office ! [*dies*.]

This is a ' sketch,' but it is from the hand of a master ; and there is a chasteness and simplicity in the poetry, such as are displayed in our ancient ballads, which might have suffered from elaboration. The marks of rapidity and carelessness are obvious. Simon de Vipont is christened Adam in the *dramatis personæ*. The first line of the poem is disfigured by a jingle of words almost as bad as a pun—' No farther, Father ;'—and ' Baron's banner' offends the ear in the next line but two. But we cannot open a work of the Author's, without detecting similar instances of utter disinclination to the irksome and humiliating process of revision. There is, perhaps, some pride in this indolence : he presumes on his opulence in going slovenly. But we can easily conceive that much of the spirit of the composition arises from its being struck off while the mind is yet warm with its own conceptions. Shakspeare, doubtless, wrote rapidly. The great difference between him and our Author, is, that he thought more deeply, and drew more from the profound and astonishing stores of his own mind—a mind not more observant than contemplative, and possessed of a native grandeur which found in the sublimest regions of thought its element. But, to compare Sir Walter with his peers, what living poet could have written *Halidon Hill* ? Not the Author of *Sardanapalus*, with all his pomp of diction and all his splendour of declamation. Long before his Lordship had tried his hand at dramas and mysteries, we ventured the opinion* that he had not that creative faculty which can give to airy nothings a personality abstract and distinct,

* *Eclectic Review*, N. S. Vol. VII. p. 297.

as it were, from himself. All his characters are the children of his feelings, and we may trace them by their family likeness to himself. The Giaour, Conrad, Manfred, Harold, Mazeppa, the Doge, Cain, Satan,—compare their portraits:—amid all these transformations, it is *Matthews still*. He has not been able to go out of himself in a single instance. He can describe most exquisitely, declaim most eloquently; he can throw himself into any attitude, any imaginable situation. But, till he produces something wholly different in kind from what he has yet done, we still say, with deference to the Edinburgh Reviewers, that he has not the dramatic faculty,—the power of embodying distinct conceptions of individual character,—the spell by which the mighty masters of the art conjure up phantoms who take their place in the ranks of historic realities, seeming to think and speak from themselves, as if they had a being independent of the charm which raised them. When we hear Lear, or Richard, or Wolsey speak in Shakespeare, who thinks of the poet—who doubts that they did so talk and act? And so, in this poem of Scott's, the Swinton and the Gordon—they are living, tangible men, with voices and characters of their own, and they go to swell the ideal population of the mind. This is the test of the poet, epic or dramatic, who aspires to the palm of invention, who would become the historian, the biographer of persons and things which never were till he gave them being; and it is this wonderful talent which raises the Author of *Waverley* to the eminence he occupies, as either the first poet of his age or something greater.

Mr. Cunningham will now understand what we meant by expressing the opinion, that his forte is the lyrical, rather than the dramatic; an opinion not meant in disparagement of the high abilities which he undoubtedly possesses, and for which, with the Author of *Waverley* on his side, he will not, probably much concern himself. From that high authority, however, we must venture to dissent, when he says, that he might himself have written *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*. What he would have written, might have been not less faulty, not less improbable, might even have been less poetic, less beautiful in parts; but it would have been a thing wholly different in kind. We should not know either *Sir Marmaduke* or *Halbert Comyne* again, were we to meet them. But *Meg Merrilies*, or her Majesty *Queen Elizabeth*, *Dalgetty* or *Tony Forster*, *Jeanie Deans* or *Catherine Seaton*, *Moniplies* or *King James*—we should recognise them any where. *Achilles* and *Hector*, the pious *Eneas* and *Godfrey de Bouillon*, *Falstaff* and *King Richard*, have not a more veritable existence than they. Mr.

Cunningham has a romantic mind, a poet's eye and a poet's heart. His productions are replete with taste and feeling. He has written a beautiful poem, but it wants the higher qualities of the drama. Yet, there are bursts of talent and passion in it, which promise still better things.

One word of advice, however, to our young Bard, if he will listen to us as his friend. There are passages in his poetry which we should not choose to transcribe into our pages. He may think us fastidious, but it is a fastidious age, and he will find it his best policy to conform to it. We do not accuse him of writing with impure feelings, nor do we charge on his poem an immoral tendency. He is from the North, where the chaste blood is kept from running riot by the mountain breeze. But his language is sometimes too warm for Southron readers. Let him look to Sir Walter Scott, not to Leigh Hunt, as his model in this respect. Scott and the Author of *Waverley* sometimes descend to what is gross and even disgusting in the delineation of character and in language; but we do not recollect a passage in the poems of the one or the novels of the other, which is adapted to minister excitement to the passion which least of all needs excitement, or to leave a stain on a virgin mind. They seem the productions of a man who feels as a husband and a father,—relations which supply an argument for purity of language and high-toned delicacy of feeling, far more effective and powerful than any abstract reasonings, but fully intelligible only to him who sustains them. Grossness may offend;—and we do not mean to justify the disgusting grossness which, on the pretence of being true to nature, or for the sake of the humour with which it is blended, has found its way into the pages of the great Novelist; for instance, in the *Pirate* and in other works. But grossness is a dirt which leaves no stain that will not wash out. The grosser meaning which hints itself in well-bred or elegant words, is a thousand times more dangerous: it is a viewless taint, but it changes the colour of the thoughts on which it is cast. There are but a line or two in *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, it is true, to which we can strongly object; but these few lines may be spared. There is also an occasional making free with words of solemn import, from which Mr. Cunningham must also learn to refrain, although at the risk of being thought prudish by some of his fellow writers in the *London Magazine*, if he wishes to secure an honourable and permanent popularity.

But we must fulfil our promise of giving some specimens of his songs. The following will make our readers forget all that we have been saying.

' MY HEART IS IN SCOTLAND.

' My heart is in Scotland, my heart is not here,
 I left it at hame with the lass I love dear :
 When the twilight star shines over turret and tree,
 I bless its light, Jeanie, and think upon thee.
 What distance can fasten, what country can bind,
 The flight of my soul, or the march of my mind ?
 Though hills rise atween us, and wide waters flow,
 My heart is in Scotland wherever I go.

' As the clear moon arises, O say, dost thou walk,
 With the footsteps of him that's departed to talk ?
 To thy white neck and locks where yon brook slumbers calm,
 Lends the woodbine its odour, the violet its balm ?
 Or when thou return'st to thy chamber to rest,
 Dost thou mark yon bright witness, hung high in the west ?
 To its light hold thy pure hands, far purer than snow,
 And vow thou wilt love me, come gladness or woe ?

' The groves which we wooed in, the glens with their streams,
 Still cheer me awake, and still charm me in dreams ;
 The flower and the bush, and the bank and the tree,
 Come each with their tidings, my fair one, of thee ;
 The minutes seem'd proud of thy presence, nor flew —
 Thy white arms clasp'd kinder, mair sweet thy lips grew,
 And the blue sky above, and the pure flood below,
 Shone and slept, for they seem'd of our rapture to know.

' Now where are love's twilight walks ? where the soft sigh,
 The chaste greeting, and mild benediction of eye ?
 The hours when earth's glories seem'd dust at our feet ?
 The sorrow to sunder, the rapture to meet ?
 I left them in Scotland's green vallies at hame,
 And far from the heaven which holds them I came.
 Come wealth or come want, or come weal or come woe,
 My heart is in Scotland wherever I go.' pp. 195-6.

We must transcribe another of still higher merit, but it will,
 we fear, stand in need of the Glossary.

' A WEARY BODIE'S BLYTHE WHAN THE SUN
GANGS DOWN.

' A weary bodie's blythe whan the sun gangs down,
 A weary bodie's blythe whan the sun gangs down :
 To smile wi' his wife, and to daute wi' his weans,
 Wha wadna be blythe whan the sun gangs down ?

' The simmer sun's lang, an' we've a' toiled sair,
 Frae sun-rise to sun-set's a dreigh tack o' care ;
 But at hame for to daute 'mang our wee bits o' weans,
 We think on our toils an' our cares nae mair.

' The Saturday sun gangs ay sweetest down,
My bonnie boys leave their wark i' the town ;
My heart louns light at my ain ingle side,
Whan my kin' blythe bairn-time is a' sitting roun'.

' The sabbath morning comes, an' warm lowes the sun,
Ilk heart's full o' joy a' the parishen roun' ;
Round the hip o' the hill comes the sweet psalm tune,
An' the auld fowk a' to the preaching are bowne.

' The hearts o' the youngers loup lightsome, to see
The gladness which dwalls in their auld grannie's ee ;
An' they gather i' the sun, 'side the green haw-tree,
Nae new-flown birds are sae mirthsome an' hie.

' Tho' my sonsie dame's cheeks nae to auld age are prief,
Tho' the roses which blumed there are smit i' the leaf ;
Tho' the young blinks o' luve hae a' died in her ee,
She is bonnier an' dearer than ever to me !

' I mind when I thought the sun didnae shine
On a form half so fair, or a face so divine.
She was wooed in the parlour, and sought in the ha',
But I won her away frae the wit o' them a'.

' Ance Poortith came in 'yont our hallan to keek,
But my Jeanie was nursing an' singing sae sweet,
That she laid down her powks at anither door-cheek,
An steppit blythely ben her auld shanks for to beek.

' My hame is the mailen weel stockit an' fu,
My bairns are the flocks an' the herds which I loo ;—
My Jeanie is the gold an' delight o' my ee,
She's worth a hale lairdship o' mailens to me !

' O wha wad fade awa like a flower i' the dew,
An' nae leave a sprout for kind heaven to pu' ?
Wha wad rot 'mang the mools, like the stump o' the tree,
Wi' nae shoots the pride o' the forest to be ?" pp. 181-3.

' Bonie Lady Ann' is a beautiful ballad. But we have no more room. Otherwise we should be tempted to select some stanzas from the Mermaid tale, as well as to say something about the strange Legend of Richard Faulder, in which Mr. Cunningham seems to have taken Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' for his model. One simple strain from the harp of Burns, which our Author better knows how to touch than any living bard, were worth, however, pages of such rhapsodies. In that style of thing, the Ettrick Shepherd can beat him.

Art. VII. *A View of the Restoration of the Helvetic Confederacy ; being a Sequel to the History of that Republic.* By Joseph Planta, Esq. 8vo. 5s. 6d. London. 1821.

MR. PLANTA'S history of the Helvetic Federation, is well known as a meritorious work, of which the second edition has been for some time before the public. Without any claim to originality, profound research, or fine writing, it furnishes a convenient and agreeable narrative of an important and eventful portion of European History ; and, in conjunction with the general and descriptive information communicated in Mr. Coxe's Letters, it has served as a ready text-book to all the common-place writers on Switzerland. Circumstances of a most important character, have, however, occurred since the date of its last publication ; and it became desirable that they should be put together in a distinct and compendious form, for the purpose of completing the Swiss annals down to the ever memorable period of the Holy Alliance. The interference of Napoleon under the imposing title of a *Mediator*, in the affairs of the unsettled and wrangling republics, the subsequent transactions until the violation of the Helvetic territory by the antagonists of France, and the proceedings connected with the 'Federal Compact' which was settled under the arbitration of the Allied Powers, and now serves as the political code of the twenty-two Cantons, comprise altogether a series of events sufficiently important to invite the labour of the historian. Mr. Planta has performed his task very briefly, though with sufficient clearness ; and this 'View' forms an indispensable appendage to the preceding volumes. But while we give to Mr. P. the just praise due to respectable execution, we regret our inability to compliment him on the score of impartiality. Here he fails most completely. The acts of Napoleon, whom Mr. Planta has the miserable affectation always to call *Bona-parte*, are invariably spoken of either slightly or with censure, while the measures of the Allied Powers are eulogized with all the complacent admiration of a devoted fautor of legitimacy. We confess ourselves unable to perceive the fairness of this dealing. Without feeling any disposition to extenuate the aggressions of the French ruler, and without admitting the right of any State whatever to interfere in the internal concerns of another, we can have no hesitation in attributing to the policy of Napoleon, a far greater share of liberality, were it only for the vigour with which he swept away the restrictions and disqualifications imposed and perpetuated by monkish bigotry. He was the firm assertor of religious liberty, and for this, if for nothing more than this, he claims from us an honour-

able mention which we fear must be withheld from the monarchs by whom he was subdued. We cannot infer from the Act of Confederation, that any provision has been made for the maintenance of the rights of conscience, while the rights of 'convents and chapters' are formally guaranteed. Mr. Planta has, however, fairly stated the advantageous results of the arbitrary Mediation of Napoleon.

• Men of distinguished talents turned their minds to the improvement of the state of society, and gradually produced effects which could not have been obtained under a lenient but unsteady sway. A country never wealthy, of a difficult and unproductive culture, exposed to incessant and violent convulsions of nature, and now exhausted by long and desolating warfare, offered abundant opportunities for the salutary establishment or emendation of public institutions, for the cultivation of both intellectual and physical tuition. Education being the principal source of the moral pre-eminence of a people, particular attention was paid to the improvement of the public seminaries and colleges in the principal towns and districts. Zurich especially distinguished itself in this respect, and the foundations at Basle, Berne, and Arau, were not much behindhand in the laudable exertions of their magistrates. An institution for clerical education was founded at Lucern. But we must here more particularly bestow our meed of admiration on the private individuals, who have amply contributed to the furtherance of these beneficent objects. We must have leave to name the celebrated J. H. Pestalozzi, who so long ago as the year 1775 opened an asylum for the rescue from misery of fifty mendicant children, which, amid the sneers of scoffers and the impositions of villains, had arrived at a degree of exemplary utility, when it was forced to yield to the want of public aid and the calamities of war. It was now, in the year 1804, under the auspices of the Government of Berne, not only revived at Yverdun, but improved to such a degree as to afford an example for similar foundations in Spain, France, Prussia, and several other States. Nor may we omit the equally eminent name of Fellenberg, who, early impressed by the earnest exhortations of a pious and most benevolent mother,* would sooner, but for the inroads of the French Revolution, have put in practice the philanthropic principles he had imbibed in his early youth, and the many observations he collected during his extensive travels. No sooner did the prospect of tranquillity offer a probability of safety and protection, but he formed at Hofwyl, near Berne, the double establishments, one for intellectual, and the other for agricultural tuition and improvements, which have been visited and admired by several sovereigns, and a great number of judicious travellers, who have borne testimony to the excellence of their regulations.'

pp. 21—23.

Mr. Planta has very judiciously printed the 'Federal Compact' without mutilation or abridgement.

* A grand-daughter of Admiral Van Tromp.

Art. VIII. *An Abridgement of the Prophecies*, as connected with Profane History, both Ancient and Modern. In Question and Answer. Selected from the best Authors. By Mrs. Smith. pp. viii. 298. Price 7s. 6d. London. 1822.

THIS is an excellent epitome of ancient history as connected with the fulfilment of prophecy; a subject with which it is highly important that young persons should be thoroughly familiarized. It is thrown into the form of question and answer, not so much, we presume, for the purpose of catechetical examination, as with a view to fix the attention, the answers being much too long to commit to memory. If we have any fault to find with the style of the work, it is that, though unaffected, it is scarcely simple enough at times for young readers. But we cannot too warmly commend the design of the publication, nor refuse our praise to the general competency of the execution. The Contents are distributed into thirteen sections: 1. Remarks on Prophecy in general, and the figurative Language of Scripture. 2. Prophecies in the Antediluvian Age. 3. Prophecies relating to Ishmael. 4. Prophecies concerning Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Esau. 5. Jacob's Prophecies. 6. The Prophecies of Moses. 7. Prophecies concerning Nineveh. 8. Prophecies concerning Babylon. 9. Prophecies concerning Tyre. 10. Prophecies concerning Egypt. 11. Nebuchadnezzar's Dream. 12. Prophecies which preceded the Birth of our Saviour. 13. Prophecies of our Saviour concerning Jerusalem.

We cannot be supposed to have examined the work very minutely, but sufficiently to satisfy ourselves of its substantial correctness. The following slight inaccuracies have caught our eye. At p. 9. 'Q. Had Noah any failings?' is not met or justified by the answer relating to a solitary event, for which an explanation may be assigned that exculpates the Patriarch. P. 11. That the Greeks were the descendants of Japhet, is very questionable: Sir W. Jones considered them as the undoubted progeny of Shem. But amid the obscurity which hangs over the origin of nations, all speculations on the subject are little better than arbitrary. P. 28. Saracen is not explained by saying that the Arabs came into Europe from Mauritania: the word is derived from Zahara the great desert. P. 50. The word Shiloh does not mean *Saviour*, but *Sent*. P. 70. The explanation given of the Jews worshipping "other gods," is highly unsatisfactory, and even objectionable. The prophecy had assuredly no reference either to those times or to those countries, nor could it be said to have received its fulfilment in any such circumstance. We must caution our Author against

looking into modern history for a fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy. On this subject, Dr. Allix's "*Vain Hope of the Jews refuted*," may be consulted with great advantage. P. 294. Simon Kananites is stated to have been born at Cana in Galilee: it is a more probable explanation which makes the name by which he is distinguished by St. Matthew, synonymous with the Zelotes of St. Luke, deriving it from the Hebrew *kana*, zealous. We should recommend our Author to submit her work to the revision of a Biblical scholar, previously to a second edition.

Art. IX. *Memoirs of the Rev. Thomas Brand*, with a Sermon preached on the Occasion of his Death, by the Rev. Samuel Annesley, LL.D. A new Edition, revised and corrected, by William Chaplin. 12mo. pp. 86. Price 2s. Bishop's Stortford. 1822.

THE admirable person whose character is portrayed in these pages, was an ancestor of the present Lord Dacre, to whom this new edition is dedicated by the Editor. The Author of the Memoir was first cousin to the Earl of Anglesea, Lord Privy Seal in the reign of Charles II. In the phraseology and cast of expression, it bears the marks of those remote times; but to many of our readers, it will not be less interesting on that account; and if there is any uncouthness in the style of the narrative, there was none in the character it describes.

Mr. Brand was designed for the Law. On relinquishing that profession, he devoted himself to theological studies; but such were his views of the responsibility connected with the pastoral office, that he was in the habit of preaching twice or three times every Sunday, long before he could bring himself to undertake a specific charge. 'Thus, his wary entering into this office, presaged a careful fulfilling of it.' A prominent and instructive feature of his ministry, was his unwearied assiduity in catechizing his flock; a branch of pastoral duty which has, we fear, become almost obsolete.

'Next to his preaching,' says his biographer, 'I will mention his catechising, which in some respects he preferred before it, saying, if he were to be confined to preaching or catechising, and might not do both, he would choose catechising. He had a more than ordinary dexterity at insinuating truths, not only into the heads, but God, hereby testifying his approbation of his zeal, impressed it on the hearts of greater numbers than I dare mention, lest it should seem incredible.'

'He had so thoroughly digested the whole body of divinity, and so thoroughly acquainted himself with all sorts of catechisms, and so continually exercised himself in sifting and instructing all he conversed with, that he experimentally knew how to propose such questions as were suit-

able to the capacities and necessities of all sorts of persons, so as to discourage none, but to benefit all.'

'And though the instruction of young and ignorant people is the usual design in catechising, yet he was so full and accurate in illustrating the several heads of religion, that aged and more improved persons did frequently attend his catechetical exercises, with great satisfaction and delight. For his custom in reading not only bodies of divinity, but practical books, was to collect what was most valuable in them, and transfer them to their proper places in his catechism, which was interleaved for that purpose, whereby he was ready furnished to give a grateful entertainment, as well to the most judicious, as to the meaner christians. He would often express how difficult as well as necessary this work was; and therefore he took much pains to have the most clear understanding of the doctrine of the gospel. He was a diligent observer of the practice, method, and success of his reverend brethren in this matter, all which he improved; and his success was answerable to such preparations and endeavours. He would frequently say, that he never experienced more of the assistance of God in any duty than in this: God making him an instrument of conveying very much knowledge hereby. Some that had been under his instruction have proved most judicious and able christians. In short, he saw so much need, and so much good effect of his labours in this way, that he would say, while he had breath he would spend it in catechising.

'Besides these weekly exercises, and catechising in all the schools which he erected, he hired some persons in distant places to catechise all children and others who were willing to learn; and once a month or oftener, he rode about from place to place to catechise them himself. And then to encourage those who did well, he gave some reward, either in books or money, according to the quality of the persons. And to encourage parents or masters to send their children or servants, he presented them with some books curiously bound and gilt, that might be most acceptable; and if they were poor, he gave them more money than they could have earned in the time of their learning. His discourse with parents and masters was really catechetical, though so managed, that they could not think themselves disparaged by such instructions. He had a way of so proposing his questions, that the question should lead them to, or furnish them with an answer.' pp. 23—27.

In the lines on Mr. Brand's death, there is a comma misplaced, at line 11, which obscures the sense: it should be,

'The noisy bar, the road to wealth and fame.'

They are, for the time of day, far above mediocrity.

Art. X. *Malay Annals*: translated from the Malay Language. By the late Dr. John Leyden. With an Introduction, by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F.R.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. xvi, 361. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1821.

UNTIL the researches of Sir Thomas Raffles and Mr. Crawford had placed the character of the Malays in a more favourable light, it was even proverbially considered as an odious compound of all that was faithless and ferocious. The hasty inferences of passing travellers, and the interested representations of the Dutch, aided by the excesses of the Malay pirates, and by certain peculiarities in their native customs, had given to this representation a strong hold on public opinion; and it is with difficulty we can bring ourselves to believe that they are in reality a brave and high-minded people, distinguished by many of the sentiments and habits connected with feudal institutions, commercial and enterprising, and exhibiting proofs of civilization and refinement. When Dr. Leyden, in 1805, visited the islands of the Indian Archipelago, he entered with his usual activity on the extensive field of inquiry presented by the language, manners, government, history, and literature, of this interesting race. The popular traditions connected with the Malayan annals, particularly attracted his attention; and he had formed an opinion, probably correct with the limitations with which he held it, that they might supply some information respecting the early history, or, at least, the customs and institutions of these widely scattered tribes.

Their authentic memorials commence only with the introduction of Mohammedanism. Antecedently to that event, little that is satisfactory can be traced amid the wild exaggerations of the fantastic legends, which take the place of credible narration. We have Rajahs descending to the bottom of the ocean; others who change rice into gold, leaves into silver, and stalks into brass; ants as big as cats, and other rare inventions equally ingenious, and equally interesting.

The most absurd of these tales of wonder occur at the beginning of the volume; as the work proceeds, it becomes more interesting and important. The details, which are, we should imagine, for the most part, sufficiently correct, are not only amusing as examples of Malay narrative, but valuable as illustrating the modes of social and political life among that people. It would be a waste of labour to attempt to extract a regular series of events from this strange jumble of preposterous fictions, but we have on the whole derived much amusement, and some information from the volume. It is more pleasant, assuredly, to read Herodotus or Livy; still, there is some gratification in making ourselves acquainted with the way in which they write history at Malacca.

ART. XI. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

* * *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the Press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

Mr. Charles Mills, Author of the History of the Crusade, &c. &c. is preparing for publication, the History of Rome from the earliest period to the termination of the Empire. In 10 vols. 8vo.

In the press, and shortly will be published, "Travels through the Holy Land and Egypt." By William Rae Wilson, Esq. of Kelvinbank, North Britain. In 1 vol. 8vo. Illustrated with engravings.

Mr. Daniel Macintosh has made considerable progress in the 2nd edition, revised and enlarged, of the History of Scotland from the Invasion of the Romans till the Union with England; with a supplementary Sketch of the Rebellion in 1715 and 1745; together with Remarks illustrative of the national institutions of the Scots, the progress of education and literature, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. In one large volume, 12mo.

A new volume of the Bombay Transactions, illustrated by numerous plates, is in the press.

Speedily will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo. Views of Ireland, Moral, Political, and Religious. By John O'Driscoll, Esq. In the press, Moral Hours, a Poem, by the Rev. J. Jones, M.A.

Mr. Brodie has made considerable progress in a second edition (with the addition of some new cases) of Pathological Observations on Diseases of the Joints. In 8vo. illustrated with plates.

Next week will be published in 1 vol. 8vo. illustrated by coloured plates, A Treatise on Diamonds and Coloured Stones; including their history, natural and commercial; with an explanation exposing the appearance of false gems. To which is added, the method of cutting and polishing Diamonds, and directions for proportioning coloured stones so as to appear to the best advantage. By J. Mawe, Mineralogist. A new edition with additions.

In the press, A Treatise on Concho-

logy; in which the Linnæan System is adhered to, and the Species that differ in form, &c. are put into Divisions.

The Rev. T. Durant of Poole has in the press, a second edition with corrections, of Memoirs and Remains of an Only Son.

In the press, Walks in the Country, or Christian Sketches of scenery, life, and character; intended principally to evince the effects of religion on the minds of the middle class of society and humble poor. 1 vol. small 8vo.

In the press, and speedily will be published, A Vindication of the Authenticity of the Narratives contained in the first two Chapters of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, being an investigation of Objections urged by the Unitarian Editors of the Improved Version of the New Testament: with Appendices, containing strictures on the latter editions of that work, and animadversions on Dr. Lant Carpenter's recent publication, entitled "An Examination of Bishop Magee's Charges against Unitarians and Unitarianism." By a Layman. In 1 vol. 8vo.

Dr. Meyrick has been many years engaged in collecting the scattered Notices to be found in our old Poets, Chroniclers, Wills, Deeds, and Inventories of Ancient Armour; to which he has now given an historic form. The results will appear in the most splendid style, containing above 100 specimens of ancient Armour. In 3 volumes, imperial 4to.

Mr. Artis is preparing for publication, a series of plates illustrative of recent Discoveries and excavated Remains of a Roman Town, at Castor, near Peterborough.

An Encyclopædia of Agriculture, in one large volume, octavo, is in the press, on the plan of Mr. Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening.

Peveril of the Peak, by the Author of Waverley, is in a state of forwardness.

Military Memoirs of the Great Civil War, being the Military Memoirs of John Gwynne; and an account of the Earl of Glencairn's Expedition, in the years 1653-4; are printing in a quarto volume.

The Rev. G. N. Wright has in the press, a Guide to the County of Wicklow, and to the Giant's Causeway.

Mr. Wood is preparing a complete Illustration of his Index Testacologicus, by giving an accurate figure of every shell.

Mr. T. Coar is printing the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, with a Translation into Latin and English.

The Rev. J. Ingram is printing a

new edition of the Saxon Chronicles, with an English translation and notes, and a copious index, in a quarto volume.

A new edition is in the press, of the Poetical and Miscellaneous Works of Alexander Pope; including the notes of various commentators, with a new life of the Author, and annotations by William Roscoe.

In the course of this month will be published, with a genuine portrait never before engraved, Memoirs of Mary, Queen of Scots, with anecdotes of the Court of Henry the Second, during her residence in France. By Miss Benger. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Art. XII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

AGRICULTURE.

On the depressed State of Agriculture. By James Cleghorn. Being the Essay for which the Highland Society of Scotland, at their General Meeting, on July 1, 1822, voted a Piece of Plate, of fifty guineas value; and published by order of the Society. 8vo. 3s. sewed.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Rev. Thomas Brand, with a Sermon preached on the occasion of his death. By the Rev. Samuel Annesley, LL.D. A new edition, revised by William Chaplin. 12mo. 2s.

BOTANY.

The Scottish Cryptogamic Flora; or Coloured Figures and Descriptions of Cryptogamic Plants growing in Scotland, and belonging chiefly to the Order Fungi. By R. K. Greville, F.R.S.E. M.W.S. &c. Royal 8vo. No. 7. 4s.

EDUCATION.

An Easy Course of Domestic Education; comprising a series of Elementary Treatises on the various Branches of Juvenile Instruction; together with advice to Parents and Tutors for conducting the education of Children. Designed for the use of families and of schools. By William Jillard Hort, Author of the New Pantheon, &c. In 22 vols. 18mo. sold together, in a case, or separately.

Select Passages from the Bible, arranged under distinct heads for the use

of schools and families. By Alexander Adam, Teacher, Edinburgh. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bound.

Collectanea Latina; or Select Extracts from Latin Authors; with notes explanatory and grammatical, and a Vocabulary. By Thomas Quinn, Master of the Classical Academy, Maldon. 12mo. 5s. bound.

A new System of Arithmetic, on a plan entirely original, calculated to abridge the labour of the Tutor very considerably, and facilitate the progress of the Pupil. By J. Walker. 2s. 6d. bound.

The French Primer; containing a copious Vocabulary of Familiar Words and Phrases, arranged in the most pleasing form, with interesting Dialogues; the whole illustrated by upwards of 250 wood engravings. By Mad. Douin, 1s. sewed. 1s. 6d. bound.

The Mother's French Catechism for her Children; containing those things most necessary to be known at an early age; illustrated by 100 engravings; being a French edition of Dr. Clarke's English Mother's Catechism. By Mad. Douin. 1s. sewed, 1s. 6d. bound.

The English Primer; or, Child's First Book: arranged on such a plan as cannot fail to delight young children, and facilitate their instruction in the Elements of Spelling and Reading. By the Rev. T. Clark. Illustrated by upwards of 200 wood engravings: 6d. sewed, or 10d. bound.

The English Mother's Catechism for her Children, containing those things

most necessary to be known at an early age. Illustrated by 100 engravings; being a Sequel to the above. By the Rev. T. Clark. 9d. or on large paper, 1s. 6d. and coloured 2s. 6d. bound.

POLITICAL.

The Situation of England in regard to agriculture, trade, and finance, with a comparison of the prospects of England and France. By Joseph Lowe, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

THEOLOGY.

On Protestant Nonconformity. By Josiah Conder. Second edition, revised and somewhat abridged. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

A Treatise on Love to God. By the Rev. James Joyce, A.M. Curate of Hitcham, Bucks. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Necessity of Divine Influence for the further Extension of the Gospel at Home and Abroad: a Sermon preached before the Hampshire Association. By John Bristow. 1s. 6d.

A Concise View of the Doctrine of Scripture concerning the ordinance of Baptism. By William Urwick, Minister of the Gospel. Sligo. 24mo. 1s.

The Epistles of Paul the Apostle translated, with an exposition and notes. By the Rev. Thomas Belsham, Minister of Essex-street Chapel. 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d.

Three Sermons on St. Paul's Doctrine of 1. Justification by Faith: 2. Original Sin: 3. Predestination: with notes. To the whole is prefixed, a Synopsis of the argument of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By the Rev. Thomas Young, A. M. Rector of Gilling; late Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2d. enlarged, 8vo. 9s.

Observations on the Metrical Version of the Psalms, made by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others: with a view to illustrate the Authority with which this collection was at first admitted, and how that authority has been since regarded, in the public Service of the Established Church of England; and thence to maintain, in this venerable Service, the

usage of such metrical Psalmody only as is duly authorized. With notices of other English metrical Versions of the Psalms. By the Rev. Henry John Todd, M.A. F.S.A. Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, and Rector of Settrington, County of York. 8vo. 4s.

The Collects prefixed to the Epistles and Gospels, in the Liturgy of the United Church of England and Ireland, catechetically explained; with a view to promote in the minds of young persons an early veneration and attachment for the book in which they are contained, the Church by which they are provided, the holy source from which they are derived. By the Rev. John Radcliffe, M. A. Rector of St. Anne, Limehouse, Middlesex; Vicar of Teynham and Dodington, Kent; Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, and formerly Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford. 12mo. 5s.

The Seaman's Prayer Book: being a form of prayer, selected chiefly from the Book of Common Prayer, and adapted to the worship of Almighty God at sea, and also, a collection of psalms and hymns for the use of seamen, 18mo. 2s. 6d.

An Abridgement of the Prophecies, as connected with profane history, both ancient and modern. In question and answer, selected from the best authors. By Mrs. Smith, 12mo. 7s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

An Historical Account and Description of Aberdeen. By Robert Wilson. A.M. 18 engravings, 12mo. 7s. 6d.

An Account of the principal pleasure tours in England and Wales. Illustrated by coloured Maps, and embellished with Views of the most striking Scenery. With an Itinerary. 12mo. 10s. 6d. half-bound.

ZOOLOGY.

Zoological Researches in the Island of Java, &c. &c. with Figures of Native Quadrupeds, and Birds. By Thomas Horsfield, M.D. F.L.S. No. IV. royal 4to. 1l. 1s.